



No. 70

BATMAN & ROBIN CHALLENGE
"MAN WHO COULD READ MINDS"



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DEC.

10¢



The 97 Pound Weakling

— who became “The World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man”

“I’ll prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!”

Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn’t know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered “Dynamic Tension”. It gave me a body that won for me the title “World’s Most Perfectly Developed Man.”

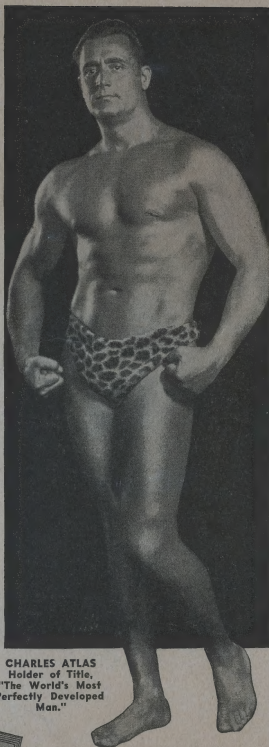
When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I’m talking about. I’ve seen my new system, “Dynamic Tension,” transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that “Dynamic Tension” is what you need.

No “ifs,” “ands,” or “maybes.” Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about “Dynamic Tension” and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

“Dynamic Tension” is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it’s actually fun! “Dynamic Tension” does the work.



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of Title,
“The World’s Most
Perfectly Developed
Man.”

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 280-ZB
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of “Dynamic Tension” will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, “Everlasting Health and Strength.”

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
☐ Check here for Booklet A if under 16



Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I’ll send you my illustrated book, “Everlasting Health and Strength.” Tells all about my “Dynamic Tension” method. Shows actual photos of men I’ve made into Atlas Champions. It’s a valuable book! And it’s FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 280-ZB, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

BATMAN

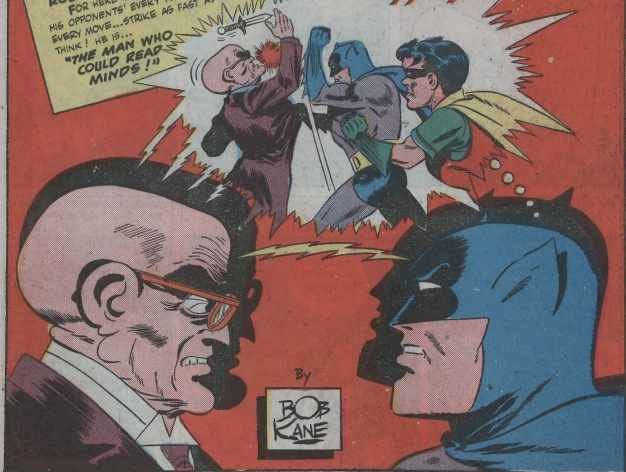
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU COULD READ MINDS... GUESS THE INNERMOST SECRETS OF YOUR FELLOW MAN? IMAGINE WHAT YOU COULD DO IF YOU HAD THE POWER! WHAT KNOWLEDGE YOU COULD POSSESS!

THIS IS THE STORY OF A MORTAL WHO WRESTED FROM FATE THIS UNCANNY GIFT FOR READING MINDS... AND USES IT FOR DARK DEEDS. ARMED WITH THIS MIRACULOUS POWER, HE BECOMES THE GREATEST Foe EVER TO CHALLENGE THE MIGHTY **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**.

FOR HERE IS A MAN WHO CAN GUESS HIS OPPONENTS' EVERY PLAN, ANTICIPATE EVERY MOVE... STRIKE AS FAST AS THEY CAN THINK! HE IS...

**"THE MAN WHO
COULD READ
MINDS!"**



ON THE STAGE OF THE GOTHAM CITY THEATRE...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT'S STAR PERFORMER -- CARLO, THE MAN WHO CAN READ MINDS!

AMONG THE AUDIENCE ARE PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

CARLO IS BLINDFOLDED, BUT NO SECRETS CAN BE KEPT FROM HIS ALL-SEEING MIND! NOW, IF SOMEBODY WILL KINDLY LEND ME AN OBJECT...

HERE--I GET HE CAN'T GUESS THIS!

WHAT AM I HOLDING? GET IT RIGHT, CARLO!

A PEN!

GOSH!

AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE MIND-READER DEMONSTRATES HIS AMAZING POWERS!

AND WHAT OBJECT HAVE I THIS TIME, CARLO?

A WATCH!

GEE, BRUCE, THAT CARLO IS PRETTY GOOD! I WISH I COULD READ MINDS!

YOU CAN-- THE SAME WAY HE DOES! HE'S A FAKE, DICK!

THERE ARE CUE WORDS IN THAT ACT! THE STOOGE INFORMS CARLO IT'S A WATCH BY USING THE WORD "TIME" IN A SENTENCE! WITH A PEN, HE SAYS, "GET IT RIGHT!" WRITE!

WHY, THE CHEAP CROOK!

HIS ACT OVER, THE PHONEY MIND READER LEAVES THE THEATRE IN A HIS-POWERED CAR...

MY ACT WENT OVER BIG TONIGHT! BOY, IF ONLY I COULD READ MINDS!

THEN A HEART CONSTRUCTING MOMENT AS CARLO'S CAR SKIDS ALONG THE WET, SLIPPERY PAVEMENT...

IT'S OUT OF CONTROL! I'M GOING TO--

...AND CRASHES FULL-TILT INTO A BILLBOARD IRONICALLY ANNOUNCING HIS ACT!

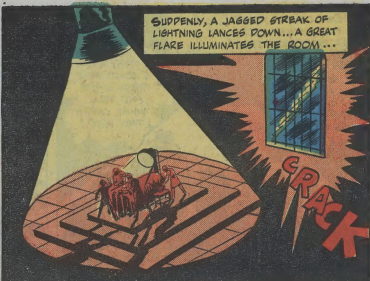
CRASH!

Carlo THE MAN WHO CAN READ MINDS

LATER, AT A NEARBY HOSPITAL, A DELICATE OPERATION IS PERFORMED ON CARLO'S BRAIN--LIFE OR DEATH IN THE BALANCE!



SUDDENLY, A JAGGED STREAK OF LIGHTNING LANCES DOWN... A GREAT FLARE ILLUMINATES THE ROOM...



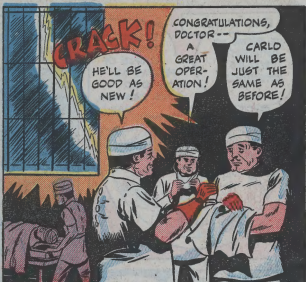
...AND THE LIGHTS ABRUPTLY GO OUT!

LIGHTNING HIT THE MAIN ELECTRIC WIRE!

GET THE EMERGENCY LIGHTS ON! FAST!

MOMENTS LATER...

I HOPE MY SCALPEL DIDN'T SLIP WHEN THOSE LIGHTS WENT OUT!



HE'LL BE GOOD AS NEW!

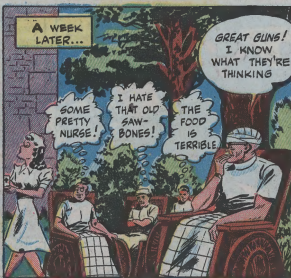
CONGRATULATIONS, DOCTOR-- A GREAT OPERATION!

CARLO WILL BE JUST THE SAME AS BEFORE!

OUT WILL HE? FOR FATE'S TRICKY FINGERS HAVE SLYLY GUIDED THE SURGEON'S SCALPEL DURING THAT MOMENTARY BLACKOUT!



A WEEK LATER...



SOME PRETTY NURSE!

I HATE THAT OLD SAW-BONES!

THE FOOD IS TERRIBLE

GREAT GUNS! I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

WHAT A FUNNY FACE THIS FELLOW NEXT TO ME HAS!

DID YOU EVER LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR, SMART GUY?

I CAN REALLY READ MINDS! MY BRAIN IS LIKE A RECEIVING SET! THAT OPERATION MUST HAVE DONE IT!

HOW'D HE KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKIN'?



OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, CARLO PUTS HIS MIRACULOUS GIFT TO A PROFITABLE TEST!

YOU WIN AGAIN, CARLO! NEVER SAW SUCH LUCK!

HA, HA! IF ONLY THEY KNEW I COULD READ THEIR MINDS AND TELL WHAT CARDS THEY HELD!

ON RADIO'S ACE QUIZ PROGRAM...

THE BIG JACKPOT TO THE LUCKY GENTLEMAN WHO ANSWERED ALL THE QUESTIONS CORRECTLY!

WHAT A CINCH! THE ANNOUNCER KNEW THE ANSWERS. I MERELY READ HIS MIND!

MADE GIPSY BY SUCCESS, CARLO FALLS PREY TO GREED!

I'M THROUGH WITH THIS SMALL-TIME STUFF! I CAN MAKE BIG MONEY WITH MY POWERS. I CAN DO ANYTHING! ANYTHING!



DAYS LATER...

HE SEEMS TO ANTICIPATE PEOPLE'S MOVEMENTS!

I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A COUPLE OF FELLOWS WE KNOW TO DO SOME PROWLING, DICK!

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS PERFECT CRIMINAL!

THAT NIGHT, TWO MANTLED SHAPES FLEW OVER SKY-HIGH ROOFTOPS AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF INKY NIGHT. BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!

ALL QUIET SO FAR!

PATIENCE, M'LAD!

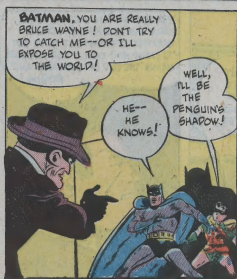
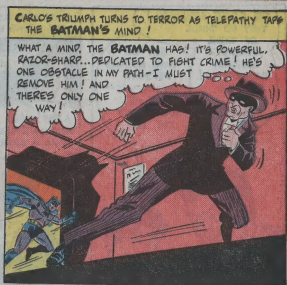
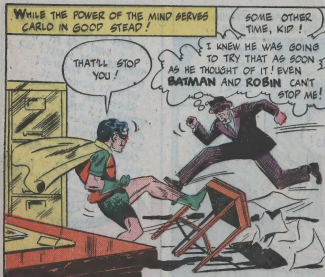
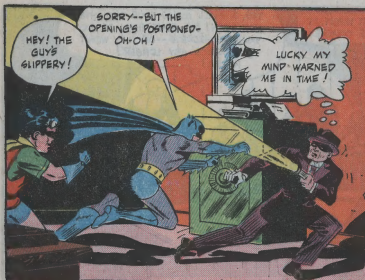
LOOK--THAT PINPOINT OF LIGHT FROM THAT OFFICE BUILDING! MIGHT BE A TENANT OR--

--OR A THIEF! LET'S GO!

SH-H! LET'S TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!

NOTHING TO THIS! I READ THE OWNER'S MIND FOR THE COMBINATION OF THE SAFE--NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS OPEN IT!

YOU GUESSED IT. IT'S OUR FRIEND, CARLO!



THE THREAT OF EXPOSURE HANGING OVER THEM LIKE THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES, TWO GLOOMY FIGURES BROOD AT HOME...

SAY, REMEMBER CARLO, THE MIND READER? HE'S NOW DOING HIS ACT SOLO! HOW DOES HE WORK IT ALONE?

CARLO! THAT'S THE ANSWER! IT WAS HIS VOICE! SOMEHOW HE'S GAINED THE POWER TO READ MINDS! THAT'S HOW HE KNEW MY IDENTITY!

SNAP

THAT NIGHT, AT THE THEATRE...

YES, I SHALL GUESS YOUR THOUGHTS, GENTLEMEN! BUT DON'T THINK OF ANY VALUABLE SECRETS--OR THEY WON'T BE SECRETS ANY LONGER!
HA, HA!

Carlo
The
AMAZING

THE CLEVER SCOUNDREL! THEY DO THINK OF THEIR VALUABLE SECRETS, REGARDLESS! THEN HE ROBS THEM!

BUT WE HAVE NOTHING DEFINITE ON HIM YET--AND HE HAS PLENTY ON US!

NEXT MORNING, A PACKAGE ARRIVES AT THE WAYNE HOME, AND INSIDE IS...

A BAT! CARLO MUST HAVE SENT IT AS A WARNING!

THERE'S A CARD ENCLOSED! LOOK!

A BAT TO THE BATMAN!
I SAW YOU AT THE THEATRE LAST NIGHT! NO DOUBT YOU KNOW MY IDENTITY NOW--BUT REMEMBER I KNOW YOURS! I AM GOING TO MISER'S ISLE--DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME! IF I'M CAUGHT, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW WHO THE BAT-MAN IS!
CARLO

MISER'S ISLE--THAT'S WHERE THAT STRANGE ECCENTRIC, OLD PETE JORDEN, LIVES! SUPPOSED TO HAVE BURIED TREASURE--CARLO MUST BE AFTER IT!

BUT ARE WE GOING AFTER HIM?

YES, DICK! WITH HIS UNCANNY POWER, CARLO CAN BECOME THE WORLD'S GREATEST CRIMINAL! BUT WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM! EVEN IF OUR EXPOSURE MEANS THE END OF BATMAN AND ROBIN!

THROATS CHOKED WITH EMOTION, BAT-MAN AND ROBIN DON THEIR ACTION COSTUMES--FOR THE LAST TIME!

GEE, WE (GULP) SURE HAD (GULP) SOME WONDERFUL TIMES (GULP) IN THESE OUTFITS, DIDN'T WE?

YES, CHUM! THIS IS OUR LAST CASE--LET'S WIND IT UP IN GLORY!

MOMENTS LATER, AN ERIE CRAFT
WINDS ITS WAY THRU THE SKIES--
THE SUPER-POWERFUL **BATPLANE**!

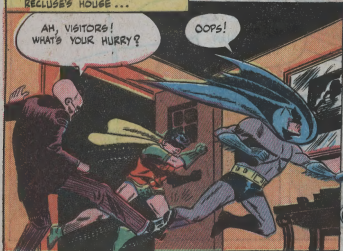


AND SOON, HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY,
IT HOVERS OVER A TINY ISLAND...



THAT'S IT!
THERE'S MISER'S
ISLE!

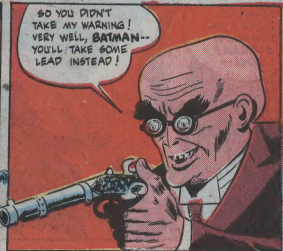
LANDING, THE POWERHOUSE PAIR
RACES ACROSS THE SANDY STRETCH
AND BURSTS RECKLESSLY INTO THE
RECLUSE'S HOUSE...



AH, VISITORS!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

OOPS!

SO YOU DIDN'T
TAKE MY WARNING!
VERY WELL, **BATMAN**--
YOU'LL TAKE SOME
LEAD INSTEAD!



BUT THE BOY WONDER'S HAND FLASHES OUT SWIFTLY,
WITH THE SPEED OF A KING COBRA!



YOU OUGHT TO
BE PATRIOTIC AND
SAVE YOUR
AMMUNITION!

IS THIS
WHAT YOU
MEAN?



I'LL
GIVE
YOU
SOME
COLD
STEEL
INSTEAD
OF
HOT
LEAD!

TWO CAN
PLAY AT
THAT
GAME!



AND NOW...THE RASP OF STEEL AGAINST STEEL AS MASTER SWORDSMEN CROSS WEAPONS IN A DEADLY DUEL!

HA! YOU'VE MET YOUR MASTER! THE MIND IS QUICKER THAN THE HAND!

THIS FELLOW PARRIES EVERY THRUST I MAKE!

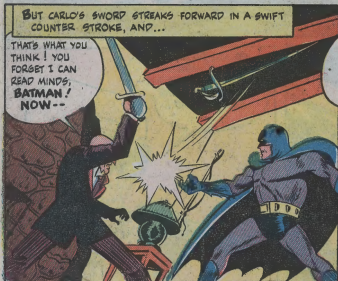


NOW--THIS SURPRISE STROKE SHOULD DISARM HIM!



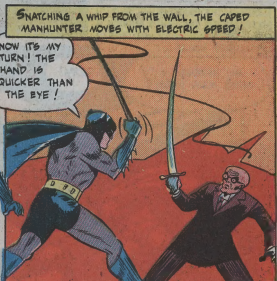
BUT CARLO'S SWORD STREAKS FORWARD IN A SWIFT COUNTER STROKE, AND...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! YOU FORGET I CAN READ MINDS, BATMAN! NOW--



SNATCHING A WHIP FROM THE WALL, THE CAPED MANHUNTER MOVES WITH ELECTRIC SPEED!

NOW IT'S MY TURN! THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE!



LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITHOUT WEAPONS!

NOT A CHANCE, BATMAN! YOU'RE MUCH TOO DANGEROUS!



A DOWNWARD PULL ON THE WAR CLUB... AND A TRAP DOOR YAWNS BENEATH THE BATMAN'S FEET!



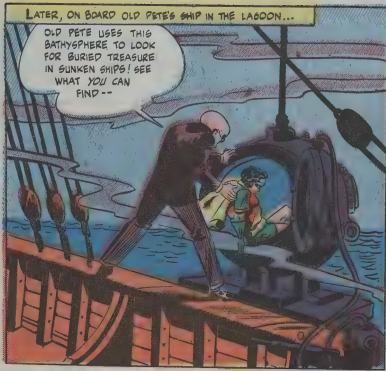
I LEARNED OF ALL THE SECRET TRAPS IN THIS PLACE BY READING OLD PETE'S MIND! YOU WON'T GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, BATMAN!

I WON'T PUT THE TWO OF YOU TOGETHER--YOU MIGHT HELP EACH OTHER ESCAPE! I'VE A NICE RESTING PLACE FOR YOU, BRAT!

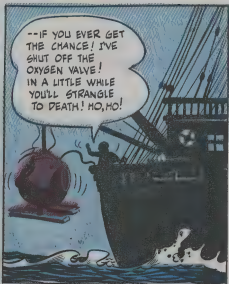


LATER, ON BOARD OLD PETE'S SHIP IN THE LAGOON...

OLD PETE USES THIS
BATHYSPHERE TO LOOK
FOR BURIED TREASURE
IN SUNKEN SHIPS! SEE
WHAT YOU CAN
FIND--



--IF YOU EVER GET
THE CHANCE! I'VE
SHUT OFF THE
OXYGEN VALVE!
IN A LITTLE WHILE
YOU'LL STRANGLE
TO DEATH! HO, HO!



I'VE DONE WHAT NO OTHER CRIMINAL HAS
BEEN ABLE TO DO! I'VE DISPOSED OF
ROBIN! AND SOON THE BATMAN
WILL DIE!

FOR, DOWN IN THE ROCKY,
DUNGEON ROOM INTO WHICH
HE HAS BEEN THROWN,
BATMAN, TOO, IS
FACING DEATH!

GREAT SCOTT!
THE WALLS ARE
MOVING
TOGETHER!
I'LL BE
CRUSHED!

SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, THE STONE
WALLS ROLL NEARER AND NEARER--
GRIM JUGGERNAUTS OF POOM!

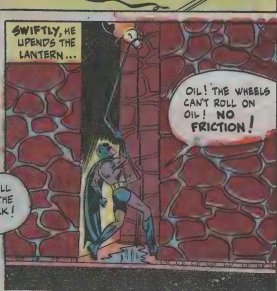
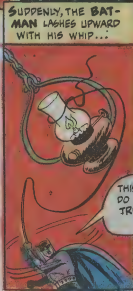
I'VE GOT
TO DO
SOMETHING--
BUT
FAST!

SUDDENLY, THE BAT-
MAN LASHES UPWARD
WITH HIS WHIP...

THIS'LL
DO THE
TRICK!

SWIFTLY, HE
UPENDS THE
LANTERN...

OIL! THE WHEELS
CAN'T ROLL ON
OIL! NO
FRICTION!



SHREWD STRATEGY! FOR THE WHEELS CHURN FUTILELY OVER THE SLIPPERY RAILS!

WHEW! A LITTLE MORE AND I'D HAVE BEEN FLATTENED THINNER THAN THE JOKER!

THE WHINING GRIND OF MACHINERY CONTINUES...HALTS... THEN REVERSES, AND THE WALLS ROLL SMOOTHLY BACK INTO PLACE!

NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE! HELLO--WHAT'S THAT UP THERE?

IT'S A PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELL BEAM! AND THERE'S ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE ROOM! WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE BEAM IS BROKEN!

ONCE AGAIN, A DEFT SNAP OF THE WRIST... AND ABRUPTLY, A SECTION OF STONE WALL SLIDES UP!

AHA! I THOUGHT SO! THE CONTACTS BROKEN NOW!

THE LITHE, CLOAKED FIGURE LEAPS UP THE NARROW STAIRS, EMERGES INTO A STRANGE GLASS SEALED CHAMBER!

CARLO! AND THAT MUST BE OLD PETE, THE MISER, HE'S TALKING TO!

SUDDENLY...

ROBIN! HE'S IN TERRIBLE DANGER! I'VE GOT TO RESCUE HIM!

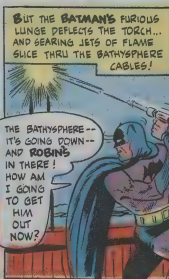
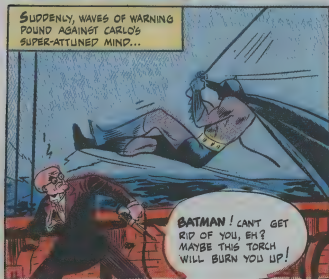
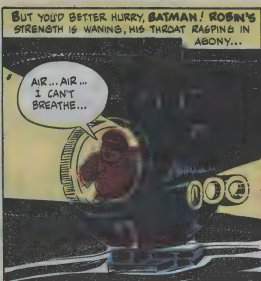
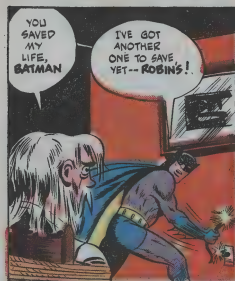
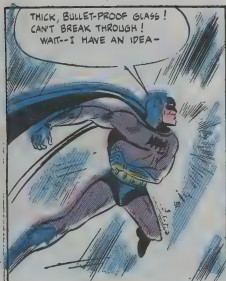
WHAT IS THIS?

CAN THE BATMAN TOO, READ MINDS? WE SHALL SEE...

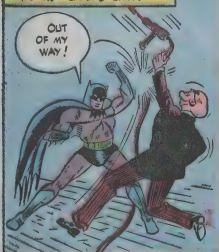
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS WALL...

BATMAN! SO HE ESCAPED! WELL, IT WON'T BE FOR LONG!

THIS LITTLE EXPLOSION OUGHT TO SETTLE YOU AND THE BATMAN, PETE! I'LL COLLECT YOUR TREASURE CHEST WHERE YOU BURIED IT!



A FURY-PACKED FIST EXPLODES
AGAINST CARLO'S CHIN!



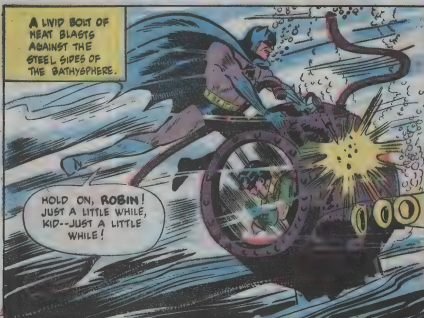
THIS IS MY ONLY
CHANCE! DIVERS
USE THEM FOR
UNDERSEA
SALVAGING!



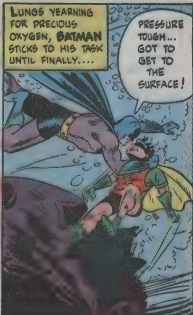
DRAWING A DEEP BREATH, THE BATMAN
DIVES OVER THE RAIL, TORCH IN HAND!



A LIVID BOLT OF
HEAT BLASTS
AGAINST THE
STEEL SIDES OF
THE BATHYSPHERE.



LUNGS YEARNING
FOR PRECIOUS
OXYGEN, BATMAN
STUCKS TO HIS TASK
UNTIL FINALLY....



WELL DONE,
BATMAN--
BUT IT WON'T
DO YOU ANY
GOOD! THIS
TIME I SHALL
KILL YOU!



SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT...



AND
ON
SHORE...

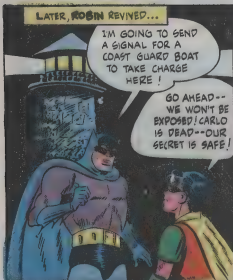
TRY TO TAKE MY
FORTUNE, HUH?
SNEAKING THIEF!
WELL, THAT
SQUARES ME WITH
THE BATMAN NOW!



LATER, ROBIN REVINED...

I'M GOING TO SEND
A SIGNAL FOR A
COAST GUARD BOAT
TO TAKE CHARGE
HERE!

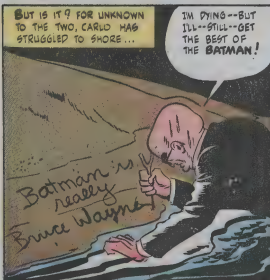
GO AHEAD--
WE WON'T BE
EXPOSED! CARLO
IS DEAD--OUR
SECRET IS SAFE!



BUT IS IT? FOR UNKNOWN
TO THE TWO, CARLO HAS
STRUGGLED TO SHORE...

IM DYING--BUT
ILL--STILL--GET
THE BEST OF
THE BATMAN!

*Batman is
really
Bruce Wayne!*



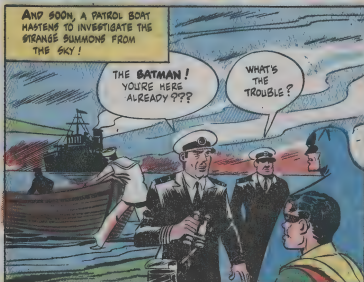
MEANWHILE, FROM
THE LIGHTHOUSE
TOWER, A GIANT CONE
OF LIGHT ETCHES
AN EERIE BAT-SHAPED
SYMBOL AGAINST
THE INKY NIGHT!



AND SOON, A PATROL BOAT
HASTENS TO INVESTIGATE THE
STRANGE SUMMONS FROM
THE SKY!

THE BATMAN!
YOU'RE HERE
ALREADY???

WHAT'S
THE
TROUBLE?



SAY, THERE'S
A DEAD MAN
OVER HERE!
AND HE'S
WRITTEN
SOMETHING
IN THE
SAND!

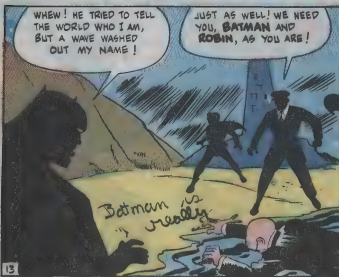
CARLO--
HE SWAM
ASHORE!
I WONDER--?



WHEN! HE TRIED TO TELL
THE WORLD WHO I AM,
BUT A WAVE WASHED
OUT MY NAME!

JUST AS WELL! WE NEED
YOU, BATMAN AND
ROBIN, AS YOU ARE!

*Batman is
really
Bruce Wayne!*



LATER, EXPLANATIONS OVER...

SAY, THERE'S ONE
THING THAT STILL
PUZZLES ME, BATMAN!
HOW DID YOU KNOW
I WAS IN DANGER
AND WHERE I WAS?



THAT'S EASY! CARLO
WAS GLOATING ABOUT
YOUR PERIL TO OLD
PETE! WHILE HE
COULD READ MINDS--
HE FORGOT THAT
I CAN READ
LIPS!



"THE CASE THE BATMAN FAILED TO SOLVE"

FAIL? WHEN HAS THE BATMAN EVER FAILED?!? AND YET, IN THIS BIG NEW ISSUE, **BATMAN** ADMITS HIMSELF BAFLED BY

"THE CASE THE BATMAN FAILED TO SOLVE"

-- WHICH IS THE TITLE OF JUST **ONE** OF THE **FOUR** WHIRLWIND STORIES AWAITING **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** AND YOU IN **BATMAN No. 14**

---ALSO,
BATMAN AND ROBIN
-THE WINNING TEAM-

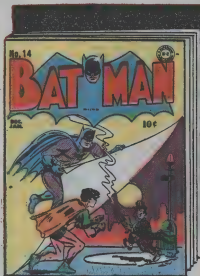
STAR IN THREE OTHER FAST-MOVING AND EXCITING ADVENTURE YARNS:

"BARGAINS IN BANDITRY"
(FEATURING THE PENGUIN)

"PRESCRIPTION FOR HAPPINESS"
(HUMAN INTEREST WITH A PUNCH)

"SWASTIKA OVER THE WHITE HOUSE."
(BATMAN VS. BERLIN)

FOUR BANG-UP BATMAN BOMBSHELLS!



ON SALE OCT. 14TH
AT ALL STANDS!
DON'T MISS IT!

HOW CAN THEY DO IT??

I ASK YOU, CORPORAL...
HOW CAN THEY GET SO
MANY TOP FEATURES IN
ONE COMIC MAGAZINE??

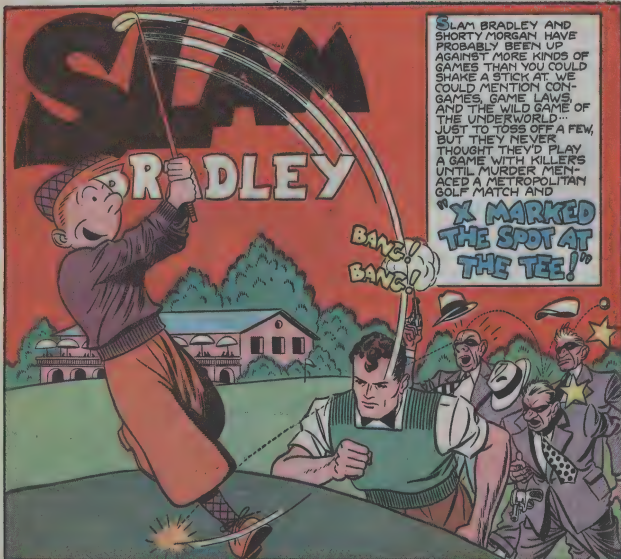


IT'S AMAZING, GENERAL!
SUPERMAN AND BATMAN...
PLUS THAT NEW SENSATION,
BOY COMMANDOS! ALSO

GREEN ARROW
AND STILL MORE!
IT'S THE **WORLD'S**
FINEST BUY!



ON SALE OCT. 30TH



SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN HAVE PROBABLY BEEN UP AGAINST MORE KINDS OF GAMES THAN YOU COULD SHAKE A STICK AT. WE COULD MENTION CON-GAMES, GAME LAWS, AND THE WILD GAME OF THE UNDERWORLD... JUST TO OSS OFF A FEW, BUT THEY NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D PLAY A GAME WITH KILLERS UNTIL MURDER MENT-ACED A METROPOLITAN GOLF MATCH AND

"X MARKED THE SPOT AT THE TEE!"

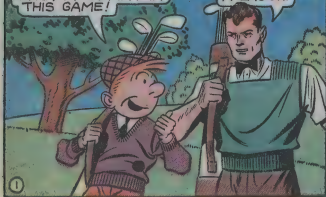
AT THE METROPOLITAN GOLF COURSE, THE SPORT MATCH OF THE YEAR IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

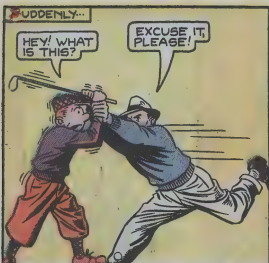
IS BIG-MANS ALL SET TO PAY OFF? AT A DOLLAR A HOLE, I'M GONNA MAKE ME A PRETTY PENNY IN THIS GAME!

SHUT UP SMALL-AND-LOUD. GO AHEAD AND DRIVE... I NEED A LAUGH.

YOU BETTER START DUSTING OFF THAT CHECK-BOOK, DUB!

WHY DO YOU KEEP HARPING ON MONEY? I THOUGHT THIS WAS OUR DAY OFF!





SO SORRY! BIG MATCH IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. TAYLOR, AMATEUR CHAMP OF AMERICA, VERSUS GRUNT, EX-CHAMP OF GERMANY!

THIS ISN'T GERMANY, BUT WE'VE GOT OUR RIGHTS!



AND AS SLAM AND SHORTY STAND BY AND FUME, ANOTHER TOURNAMENT BEGINS...

YOU TEE OFF, TAYLOR, AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

THANKS, GRUNT! SAME TO YOU...



BUT AS THE UNSUSPECTING GOLF CHAMPION SWINGS...

MMM-MMM! GET A LOAD OF THAT STYLE!

YAAH! I'M AS GOOD AS HIM ANY DAY!



AN AMAZING, UNSCHEDULED INCIDENT OCCURS!

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! TAYLOR HAS DUBBED HIS DRIVE!

N-NO! NO! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO TAYLOR! LOOK!



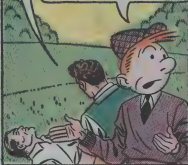
WHAT A WAY TO HIT A GOLF BALL!

SIGN OFF! THIS GUY'S BEEN HURT BAD... WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? DID YOU HEAR A SHOT?



YES... HE'S BEEN SHOT... AND MURDERED!

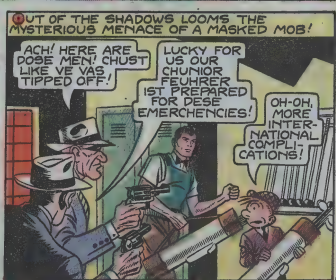
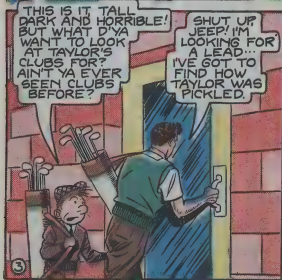
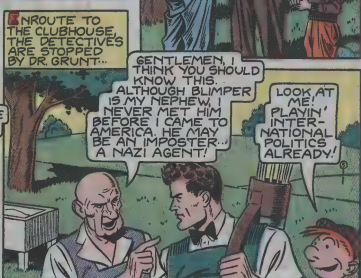
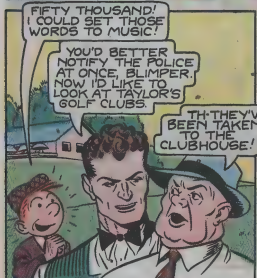
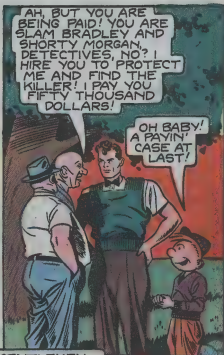
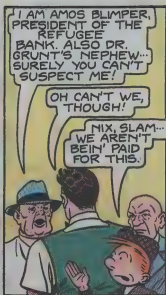
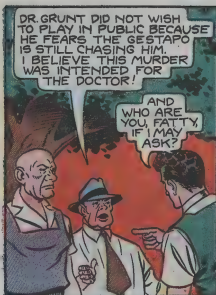
YOU'RE CRAZY, SLAM! NO ONE AROUND HERE HAD A GUN IN HIS HANDS! WHERE'D THAT SHOT COME FROM?

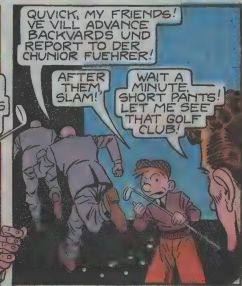
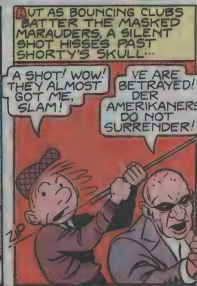
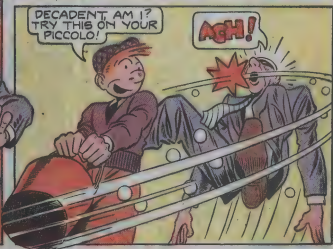
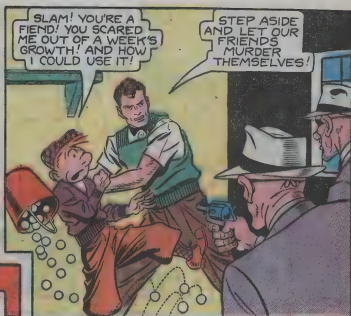
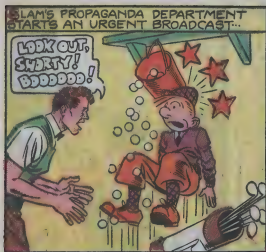


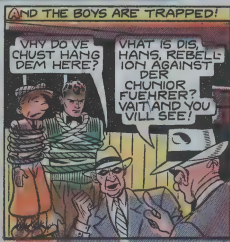
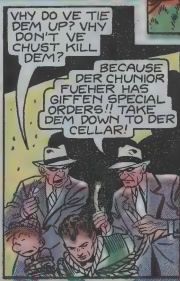
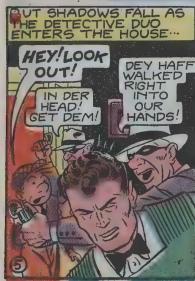
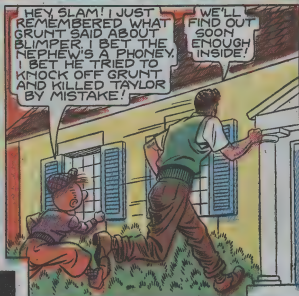
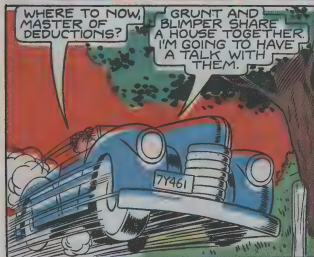
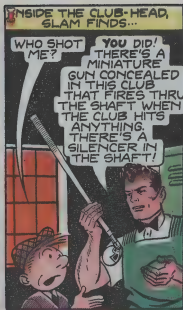
LISTEN, PAL, I KNOW THIS CORPSE WAS TAYLOR, THE AMERICAN CHAMP, BUT WHO ARE YOU?

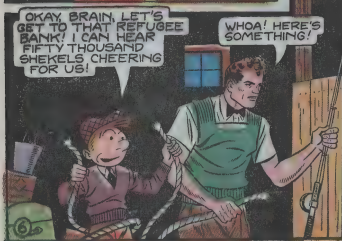
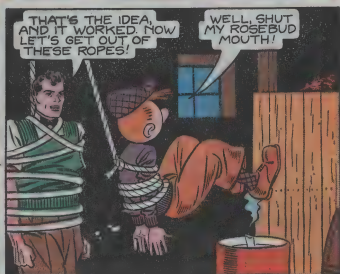
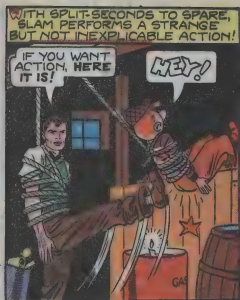
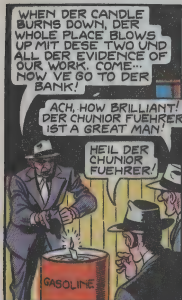
I AM DR. GRUNT, EX-CHAMPION OF GERMANY... NOW A REFUGEE FROM THE GESTAPO. TAYLOR INSISTED ON PLAYING AGAINST ME... BUT I HAD NEVER MET HIM BEFORE...

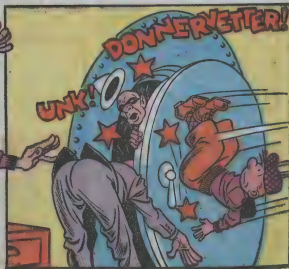
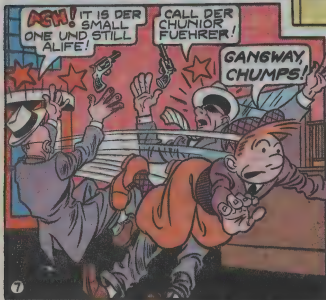
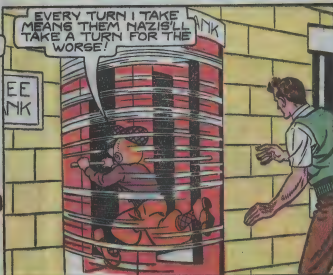
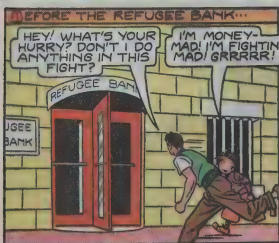
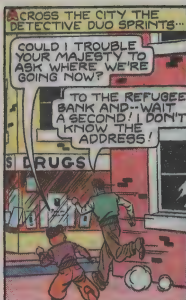












AS THE WALLS QUIVER UNDER THE IMPACT OF SHORTY'S TITANIC HEADWORK...



OYVEN! WE MUST AVENGE DER BETRAYAL OF OUR LEADER!

JA! VE PURGE DER ENEMY OF JUSTICE UND FREEDOM!

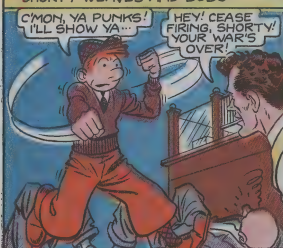
I'LL PURGE YOU BOYS WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIVES!



AND I SUPPOSE YOU'LL CLAIM YOU WERE FRAMED WHEN UNCLE SAM SENDS YOU TO JAIL!



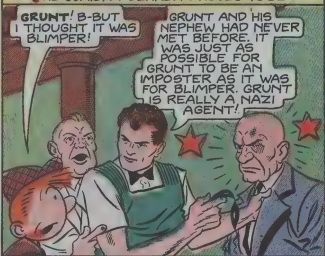
ROGGY, BUT STILL ON HIS FEET, SHORTY WEAVES AND BOBS...



C'MON, YA PUNKS! I'LL SHOW YA...

HEY! CEASE FIRING, SHORTY! YOUR WAR'S OVER!

THE JUNIOR FUEHRER PROVES TO BE...



GRUNT! B-BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS BLIMPER!

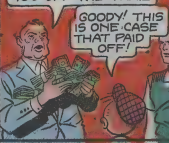
GRUNT AND HIS NEPHEW HAD NEVER MET BEFORE. IT WAS JUST AS POSSIBLE FOR GRUNT TO BE AN IMPOSTER AS IT WAS FOR BLIMPER. GRUNT IS REALLY A NAZI AGENT!

THE REAL GRUNT COULD PLAY GOLF. THIS MAN COULDN'T. HE HAD TO MURDER TAYLOR TO GET OUT OF THE MATCH TAYLOR FORCED ON HIM. I KNEW THAT WHEN I DISCOVERED HE WAS LEFT-HANDED. THERE NEVER HAS BEEN A LEFTY GOLF CHAMP!



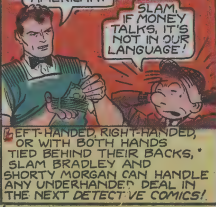
AND SO... AFTER THE SHOUTING AND THE TUMULT...

GENTLEMEN, WE'RE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR UNCOVERING THIS NAZI AGENT. HERE'S THE FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD GRUNT OFFERED TO THROW YOU OFF THE TRAIL.



GOODY! THIS IS ONE CASE THAT PAID OFF!

PAID OFF IS, RIGHT-- BUT IN GERMAN MARKS! THIS IS FIFTY THOUSAND MARKS AND WORTH ABOUT TWO DOLLARS AMERICAN!



SLAM. IF MONEY TALKS, IT'S NOT IN OUR LANGUAGE!

LEFT-HANDED, RIGHT-HANDED, OR WITH BOTH HANDS TIED BEHIND THEIR BACKS, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN CAN HANDLE ANY UNDERHANDED DEAL IN THE NEXT DETECTIVE COMICS!

ENERGY

TO OVERCOME OBSTACLES!



THE TANK IS A MONSTROUS MACHINE!

The tank is a mighty war-machine. Like a huge caterpillar it crawls over land and dashes through swamps with equal efficiency. To perform—a tank needs fuel—that fuel is converted into energy in its powerful motors.

YOUR BODY NEEDS FUEL FOR ENERGY!

Guided by a human motor—and confronted with obstacles of physical exertion in play and in work, your body too, needs fuel—fuel to burn to create necessary energy. That fuel is food.

BABY RUTH GIVES YOU FOOD ENERGY!

Every time you eat a Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy Bar, your body receives delicious food-energy. Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



TELL MOTHER

to Make Tasty, Crunchy Cookies
with Baby Ruth Candy Bars.
A Recipe on Every Wrapper.



Rich in Dextrose
The sugar your body
uses directly for
ENERGY

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK LEHTI

THERE WAS NO HARMONY IN MICKEY THE MUGG'S MOB, BUT THE MUGG HAD THE ANSWER TO THAT - HE MADE HIS BOYS LEARN MUSIC! THEN MICKEY MULCTED THE METROPOLIS IN ONE MUSICAL CRIME AFTER ANOTHER, LEAVING A MADDENED AND MYSTIFIED POLICE FORCE MUTTERING TO ITSELF AT ITS HELPLESSNESS! BUT EVERY MUSICIAN HITS A SOUR NOTE NOW AND THEN - AND MICKEY STRUCK HIS WHEN HE ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THAT CRUSADING CRIME-CRUSHER, THE CRIMSON AVENGER, AND HIS LOYAL ALLY, WING, TO ...

THE MYSTERY OF THE MUSICAL MUGGS

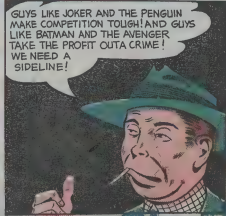


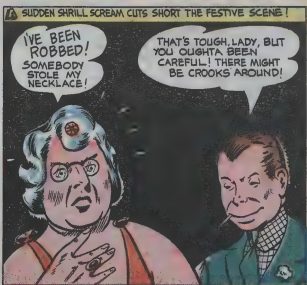
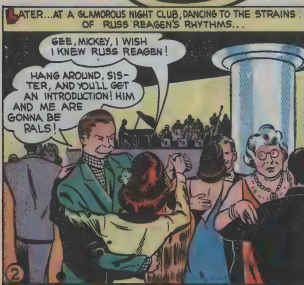
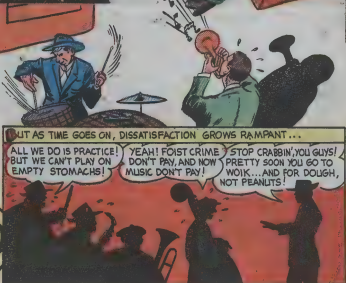
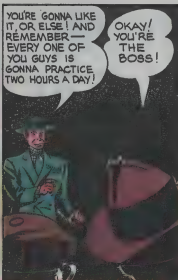
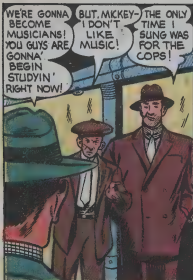
IN A DINGY BASEMENT HIDEOUT, MICKEY THE MUGG GATHERS HIS DISGRUNTLED GANG...

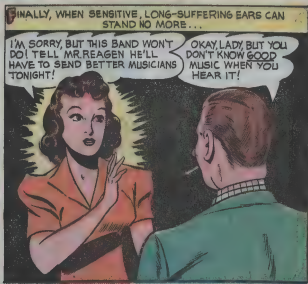
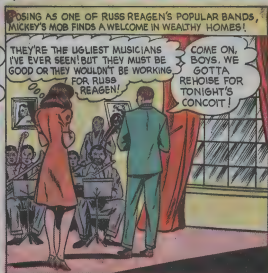
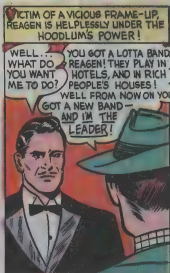
WE BETTER BREAK UP, MICKEY! WE'RE FAILURES! WE PULLED TWO HOLDUPS YESTERDAY, AND ONLY GOT TEN CLAMS!

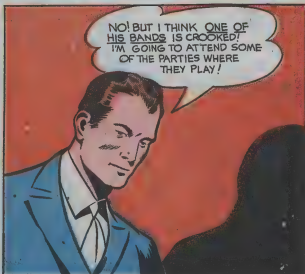
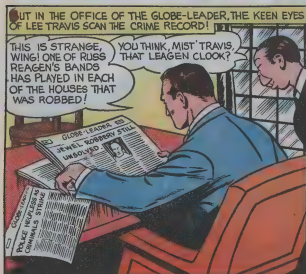
THAT'S WHAT I WANTA TALK TO YOU MUGGS ABOUT!

GUYS LIKE JOKER AND THE PENGUIN MAKE COMPETITION TOUGH! AND GUYS LIKE BATMAN AND THE AVENGER TAKE THE PROFIT OUTA CRIME! WE NEED A SIDELINE!

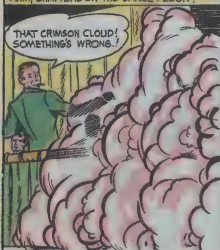








A CRIMSON CAPSULE, HURLED BY LEE TRAVIS' MUSCULAR ARM, SHATTERS ON THE DANCE FLOOR!



FROM THE HAZE EMERGES THE SCARLET SCOURGE OF CRIME!

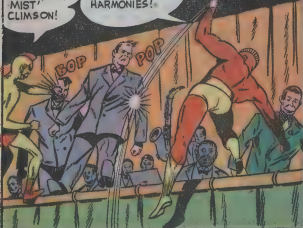


HE'S WISE TO OUR TRICK, BOYS! LET'S GET HIM!



NOW WE MAKE OUR OWN SOUR NOTES, MIST' CLIMSON!

SOUR NOTES WING? THOSE ARE BEAUTIFUL HARMONIES!



THE MUGG'S JAWS CHATTER UNDER A TWO-FISTED FUSILLADE!

AND WHAT INTERESTING RHYTHMS!

HEEEEEEEY!



BUT THE FELONS HAVE HAD THEIR FILL OF FISTS!

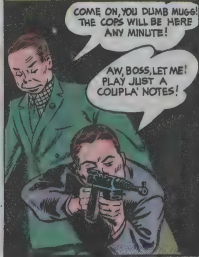
IT'S TIME TO STOP FIDDLIN' AND OPEN MY VIOLIN CASE! THIS MUSIC WILL SLAY 'EM!



BUT AS LEAD SLUGS ARE ABOUT TO SING A SINISTER SERENADE...

COME ON, YOU DUMB MUGG! THE COPS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

AW, BOSS, LET ME! PLAY JUST A COUPLA' NOTES!



AS THE BANDITS BEAT A HASTY RETREAT...

TOO BAD! WE STOP LOBBLY, BUT NO CATCH CLOCKS!

WE'LL GET THEM YET, WING! MICKEY WILL HATE TO GIVE UP A RACKET THAT HAS BEEN SO PROFITABLE!



THE CRESTFALLEN CRIMINALS GATHER IN A HOTEL-ROOM HIDEOUT...

OUR RACKET IS FINISHED, MICKEY! THE AVENGER SPOILED IT!

WE CAN STILL PULL OFF ONE MORE JOB, BOYS, BEFORE WE QUIT!

BUT THE PERSISTENT AVENGER IS STILL ON THE THIEVES' TRAIL...

WE'D BETTER TALK TO RUSS REAGEN, WING AND FIND OUT WHAT CROOKS ARE DOING IN HIS ORGANIZATION!

MAYBE HE TELL US WHERE TO FIND MIST' MUGG!

REAGEN RELATES THE ENTIRE STORY TO THE CRIMSON-CLAD CRIME-CRUSHER!

...SO YOU SEE, AVENGER, THEY HAD ME! BUT I DIDN'T GOT YOU, REAGEN! THEY DISGUISE AS BAND MEMBERS TO PLAN ROBBERIES! WHERE THEY'RE PLAYING TOMORROW, AND THEY WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE!

THE FOLLOWING EVENING!

LUCKY WE'RE MASKED, MICKEY! WE WOULDN'T HAVE THE NOISE TO SHOW OUR FACES!

WE'LL DO A GOOD JOB HERE AND END UP WITH ENOUGH DOUGH TO RETIRE!

BUT IN THE MIST OF THE FESTIVITIES...

THEM TWO GUYS AGAIN! HOW DID THEY FIND US?

C'MON, WING, LET'S 'BEAT THE BAND'!

IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE HOW THEY FOUND US! WE BETTER SCRAM!

YOU TOO MUCH IN HURRY! WING HERE TO KEEP DATE!

TRY SOUNDING YOUR A!

UGH!

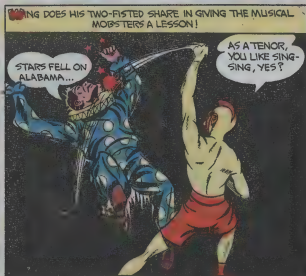
THAT'S TOO LOW! TRY AGAIN!

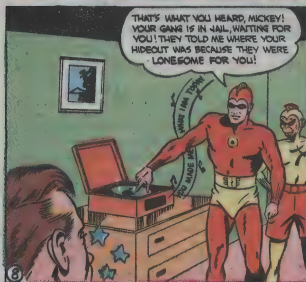
EEEEEEHHH...

TOO HIGH... TRY ONCE MORE!

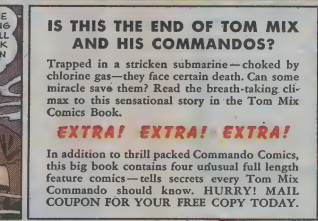
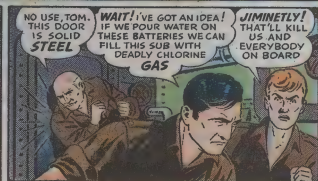
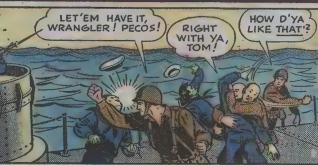
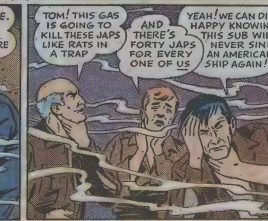
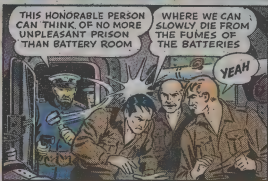
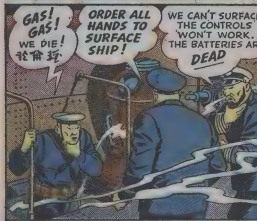
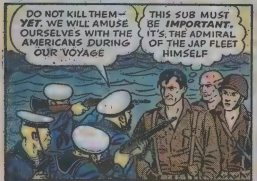
JUST RIGHT! YOU'RE LEARNING FAST!

AAAAHHHHH





TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION WHEN THEIR PT. BOAT RAMS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE



TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX FOR



You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARMTH AND VIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKERS FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY



INSTANT RALSTON... An amazing new hot whole wheat cereal that needs no cooking. Just stir into boiling water or milk and serve. A delicious warm-up build-up breakfast for all the family. Brimful of energy.

RALSTON WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL
a family favorite for over 40 years. Cooks in 5 minutes.

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals" and both Instant Ralston and Ralston are whole grain. Both are whole wheat, extra rich in vitamin B1. Take your choice.



MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 143 A Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

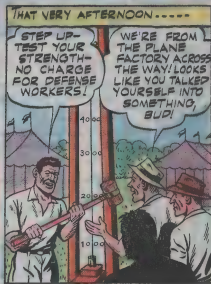
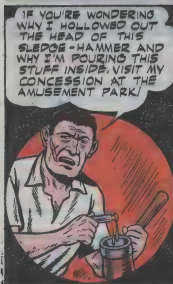
Dear Tom:
I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic book free!

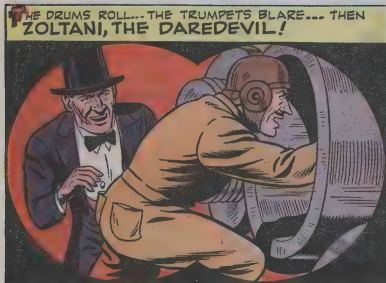
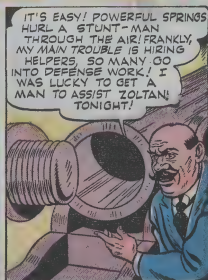
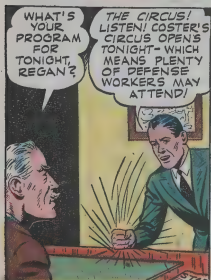
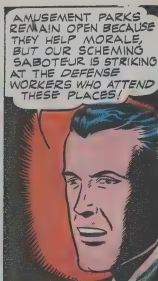
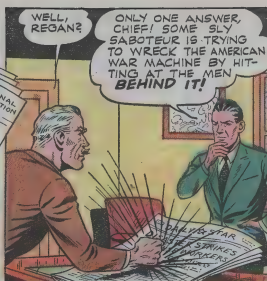
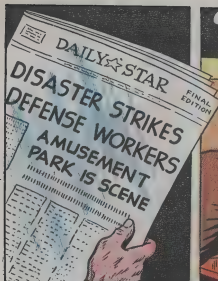
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

IMPORTANT! If you have no coupon you can get the Tom Mix COMMANDOS COMICS Book anyway. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 143 A Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. This offer expires January 1, 1945.

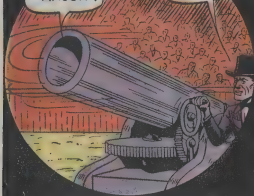




JUST THEN ... BELOW ----

HEY! WHATZA
IDEAR? I'M-A
FEEL THEE
CANNON MOVE
AROUND!

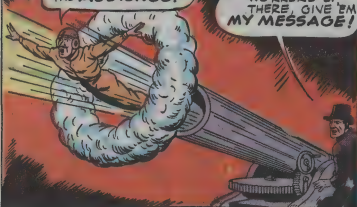
IT'S NOTHING
TO WHAT
YOU'RE GOING
TO FEEL!



A FINGER PRESSES THE BUTTON CONTROLLING THE
PROPULSIVE SPRINGS... AND --

OH! THEEZA TARRIBLE!
I WELL LAND AMONG
THE AUDIENCE!

IF THERE ARE
ANY DEFENSE
WORKERS UP
THERE, GIVE 'EM
MY MESSAGE!



THAT INSTANT ----

ZOLTANI'S HELPER
SWUNG THE CANNON
TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE!
NOW I **KNOW** WHAT
HE PUT INTO THE DARE-
DEVIL'S POCKET!



HE'S COMING THIS WAY!
NEVER TRIED THIS STUNT
BEFORE ---- BUT IT
MUST WORK!



WRISTS OF STEEL-LIKE
STRENGTH SWOOP SURELY
OUT --- AND ---

WHEW! LUCKY I DIDN'T
CATCH HIS FEET SO THAT
ANYTHING COULD FALL
FROM HIS POCKET!



LONG MINUTES AFTER ----

I'M GLAD THAT'S
OVER- AND NOW
WILL YOU PLEASE
EMPTY OUT THAT
POCKET, ZOLTANIZ

WHAAAT!
YOU ACCUSE
ZOLTANI OF
BEING
THIEF?



BUT MR. REGAN
IS A MEMBER
OF... DON'T!

BAHI HE SAVE-A
THE LIFE OF
ZOLTANI THE
ARTIST... BUT
WHEN HE INSAWLT
ZOLTANI THE MAN,
HE EEZ DEAD PEEGEON!

SORR'!,
MY PROUD
PUGILIST,
BUT THIS
IS GOING
TO BE
NECESSARY!



REGAN'S POWERFUL SHOULDER HITCHES—AND HIS FIST FLASHES UPWARDS LIKE A MAN-MADE THUNDERBOLT!

COSTER!
QUICK!
DON'T LET
HIM
FALL!

AHHHH!

WH-WHAT
ARE THOSE,
REGAN?

I'LL BET A MONTH'S
SALARY THAT WHAT-
EVER IS IN THESE
GLASS GLOBULES
EXPLODES WHEN CRUSHED
— AND WOULD'VE BLOWN
YOUR CIRCUS SKY-
HIGH!

SHORTLY AFTER... IN THE OFFICES OF
THE F.B.I.---

HMMM! YOU
SAVED MANY
LIVES, MY BOY!
TOO BAD THAT
SABOTEUR
GOT AWAY!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF!
I'VE GOT OUR MAN
LOCKED IN HERE—
IN THESE BINOCULARS!
SOUNDS FUNNY, BUT
I'LL HAVE TO FIND
HIM FIRST TO PROVE
IT!

READER!

WE'VE JUST
GIVEN YOU
A CLUE AS
TO HOW
BART
REGAN
HOPES TO
TRAP HIS
MAN!

CAN YOU
FIND
IT?
?

ANY NEW
PLANS,
REGAN?

ACCORDING TO
THIS LATE EDITION,
THE GOVERNOR
WILL ATTEND A
SPECIAL BASEBALL GAME
TOMORROW FOR THE BEN-
EFIT OF THE FAMILIES
OF THE INJURED DEFENSE
WORKERS! MY PLAN IS
TO SEE A BASEBALL
GAME!

NEXT DAY... HMMM!
THE GOVERNOR
HIMSELF... DEFENSE
WORKERS, AND BASEBALL
PLAYERS WHO BUILD UP
THE MORALE OF THE DE-
FENSE WORKERS! THIS IS
BAIT OUR SABOTEUR
WON'T OVERLOOK!

ENTRANCE

WHILE— THAT VERY INSTANT
BENEATH THE STANDS!

PARDON ME, BUT
AREN'T YOU THE BATBOY
WHO IS TO PRESENT
THE GOVERNOR WITH
THE BASEBALL HE'LL
THROW OUT TO
START THE GAME?

UH... WHY,
YES!

THAT'S
ALL I
WANT TO
KNOW!

UGH!

SCANT MINUTES LATER, A SCURRYING SHAPE SPEEDS TO THE GOVERNOR'S BOX!

THE UNSUSPECTING GOVERNOR RECEIVES THE BALL FROM THE HAND OF SCARFACE!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I'VE GOT THE BALL THAT THE GOVERNOR IS GOING TO THROW OUT!



WHY, THAT WAS SCARFACE WHO HANDED THE BALL TO THE GOVERNOR! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH IT—TOO LATE! IT'S ALREADY BEING THROWN TO THE GROUPED PLAYERS!

REGAN SNAKES OUT HIS GUN, AIMS QUICKLY—AND A LEADEN MESSENGER SMASHES THE LOADED BASEBALL!



GULP! THAT SHOT SAVED OUR LIVES!

D-DON'T SHOOT! IT WAS A MISTAKE! SOMEONE ELSE HANDED THAT BALL!

STOP WHINING! IN AMERICA WE DON'T SHOOT UNARMED MEN!—EVEN YOUR TYPE!



SUDDENLY—

CATCH ME—QUICK! PAIN IN HEART...

DON'T SEE HOW AN ORGON YOU HAVEN'T GOT CAN PAIN YOU... BUT I MIGHT AS WELL SAVE YOUR CARCASS FOR THE COURT!



THANKS FOR POCKETING YOUR GUN AND COMING IN CLOSE TO HELP ME! I APPRECIATE YOUR SENTIMENTALITY, HA, HA!

WHY, YOU... UGH!



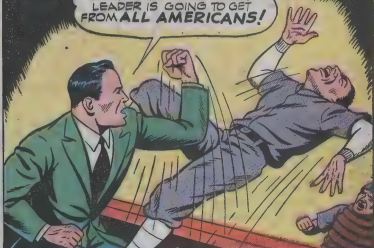
WITH THE FURY OF A WOUNDED TIGER,
BART REGAN THUDS HOME A JAW-
CRACKING WALLOP!

THIS IS FROM THE
FAMILIES OF THE MEN
YOU'VE ALREADY HURT!

NO...
URROOHN!



AND THIS IS JUST A
SAMPLE OF WHAT YOUR
LEADER IS GOING TO GET
FROM ALL AMERICANS!



HA! I NEVER
YET MISSED A
FOUL BALL!!



LATER... REGAN, I'M
WORRIED! COSTERS
HAD A NERVOUS BREAK-
DOWN AND THE BATBOY IS
TOO WEAK TO TESTIFY AGAINST
THE MAN WE KNOW TO BE A
SABOTEUR! A CROOKED
LAWYER CAN CLAIM HE
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE
BASEBALL CONTAINED...
CAN CLAIM HE ATTACKED YOU
WHILE TEMPORARILY
INSANE!



CHIEF, I TOLD YOU I HAD
THE SABOTEUR LOCKED IN
HERE, ONCE I GOT MY HANDS
ON HIM! SEE? I'VE GOT A
MINIATURE MOTION PICTURE
CAMERA BEHIND ONE
GLASS LENS!



IN THE CIRCUS, I PERCHED
ON A HIGH CHIRDER THAT GAVE
ME A SHOT OF WHAT WENT ON
DOWN BELOW... AND AT THE
BALL GAME I KEPT SNAPPING
THE GOVERNOR'S BOX! WE CAN
CLIP TWO PICTURES FROM THIS
ROLL THAT SPELL JAIL!



YEP! THERE'S OUR SCARRED PLAYMATE
IN DOUBLE- TROUBLE! IN BASEBALL
LINGO HE HAD TWO STRIKES ON
HIM WHEN HE WENT TO THE BALL
GAME!... AND THEN HE PUT
HIMSELF OUT!



FOLLOW
THE
ADVENTURES
OF
BART REGAN,
F.B.I. MAN,
WHOSE
FLASHING
FISTS
AND HAIR-
TRIGGER
BRAIN
FERRET
SCHEMING
SABOTEURS
OUT OF
THEIR
RATHOLES
IN
DETECTIVE
Comics

THE CLEVER TOUCH

by James Benton

THE only bad thing about the job was that the sun was shining. If it had been night, Shifty wouldn't have bothered picking the fat man's pocket. He would simply, and without remorse, bashed his prey on the head and gotten away.

But it wasn't night. It was early afternoon. Shifty had been following the fat man for some little time now. It was amazing, and disconcerting, how that fat man kept out of crowds. Sooner or later, though, Shifty reckoned, his prey would become one of many, there would be just the slightest of jostling, and the fat man would lose a wallet.

Shifty's blood tingled with anticipation as his thoughts went back to that well-filled wallet from which the fat man, an hour or so earlier, had extracted a bill and dropped it into a USO petitioner's container. There was plenty of morley between those leather folds and Shifty intended to have it.

But when? Doggedly he held on, always at a safe distance from his prey. But, although his eyes were on the fat man, it might have been noticed that Shifty's unstable optics frequently darted elsewhere, as if looking for someone—some fearful someone.

Yes, Shifty had a fear. Dan O'Doul, of the pickpocket squad, was Shifty's nemesis, the lack of sugar in his coffee, the lack of gravy on his steak. It was because of O'Doul that Shifty, these last few days of the monster war carnival, had

refrained from plying his nimble-fingered trade in daylight.

There was no telling when O'Doul would pop up. And Shifty wasn't fool enough to think his handiwork wouldn't be recognized, even though this was below the deadline. Yet how often did such pickings show up?

Shifty's face suddenly assumed a benign expression. The fat man had at last waddled into the trap, Shifty could see the heavy-folded face bobbing amidst the crowds watching the Washington Square open air art exhibit.

Crowds passed slowly along the few blocks given over to the exhibit. Alongside their pictures, which were on easels or rudely tacked on board fences or wired to iron railings stood the artists, besmoked and bereted, paint on their work clothes lending color to the scene.

Into this maelstrom of color had plunged the fat man.

Easily, Shifty glided into the crowds, passed along them until he stood very close to his prey. The fat man was staring, enraptured, at a modernistic exhibit. Shifty's eyes swept up and down the street. No O'Doul. He breathed a sigh of relief, chased the other side of the street.

There were very few people on this side. A woman and her dog sat on the top steps of a stone entrance idly watching the crowd. In a window above her an artist worked.

There was no sign of O'Doul.

In just a moment it was over. Apparently none saw Shifty's educated fingers delve into the fat man's rear pocket, bring out the wallet and transfer it speedily into a new resting place. This was Shifty's inside pocket.

"It'll teach him not to carry his wallet in his back pocket after this," Shifty muttered, his forearm pressed tightly against the bulging pocketbook. "Only fools carry their dough there."

He was breathing easily now, the tension gone from him. With no O'Doul in sight, he had nothing to fear. Besides, O'Doul would never believe Shifty had nerve enough to go below the deadline.

Shifty smiled in satisfaction as he slid into a place in the crowd, allowed himself to be carried along. This was one job O'Doul would never be able to tie on him. Besides, the detective had enough worries. There had been rumors of a shake-up in the department. "And," Shifty now hoped fervently to himself as he recalled the rumor, "if they're smart, they'll get rid of that dumb flatfoot."

A half hour later, behind the locked door of his furnished room, Shifty's excited fingers were counting the haul. It was considerable, well worth the risk!

Idly, Shifty's fingers went through the rest of the wallet's contents. A bunch of cards, the fat man's driving license, Thomas A. Wayne—nothing of importance.

Nothing, that is, but the wal-

let. It was a very expensive thing and, although the usual procedure with persons of Shifty's calling is to ditch the leather as soon as possible, it held Shifty entranced. This was one wallet he didn't want to throw away.

But what to do with it? Suppose it were found on his person? There was little likelihood that he'd be connected with this theft; after all, the fat man might think he'd lost it. But why take chances?

Shifty smiled. This wasn't so bad after all.

He pushed back the carpet, found the loose board beneath which he cached his gun. Still smiling, he dropped the wallet. The cops would never think of looking there. Even Shifty's finding the cache had been an accident.

Whistling, he went out into the street. He knew where he could spend some of this money.

* * *

By dinner time, a new and resplendent Shifty walked the uptown streets. The tailor had rushed alterations on the somewhat gaudy plaid suit Shifty had purchased. A new pearl grey felt topped it off. Without haste, Shifty sauntered toward an expensive restaurant. He turned, casually, curious as a headline on a street stand newspaper caught his eye.

"NEW POLICE COMMISSIONER ROBBED!"

* * *

Shifty gulped, stared unbelievably once again at the accompanying picture. "The fat man," he breathed, and his words seemed hollow. "I robbed the new Commissioner."

He leaned against a bus sign. He felt weak. It was thus that Dan O'Doul found him.

In that anxious moment, Shifty breathed a fervent prayer of thanks. At least, he hadn't bought a newspaper. That alone would have served to make O'Doul instantly suspicious, more so than he now was.

When he wanted to be con-

vincing, Shifty was as eloquent as Cato. And yet, as Dan O'Doul withdrew, with an adjuration to Shifty to keep above the deadline, he knew he hadn't convinced the detective. The shadow of arrest, however, was only momentarily passed.

* * *

In the days that followed, Shifty was conscious of O'Doul's presence. Twice he had caught the detective tailing him. Night and day, Shifty felt, the detective's eyes were on him.

It would not have been so bad had not the newspapers continued the story. The Commissioner was demanding action, and every time Shifty thought of the cashed wallet, that now he did not dare bring from his hiding place, perspiration broke out over him.

Only time, Shifty was sure, could bring an end to this harrying hunt. Soon, something would happen to occupy the newspapers otherwise. But until that happened, Shifty was worried. He didn't dare flash too much of the Commissioner's money; he didn't dare frequent old haunts, for he had sworn to O'Doul that he hadn't gone below the deadline the day of the theft.

And O'Doul still did not believe him. Relentlessly, he pursued Shifty, a silent, accusing shadow.

* * *

It was on a Sunday, three weeks after the robbery, that Shifty got his third glimpse of O'Doul. The man was weaving his way through a crowd, on Fifth Avenue.

Shifty's taxed nerves snapped then. "I've got to get rid of that detective tonight," he muttered, "or he'll drive me daffy. I've got to convince him that I'm on the level."

His eyes fell on a building facade. The art museum! That would do it—never would O'Doul believe Shifty, reformed, was spending his time in art galleries. Heart pounding, Shifty entered the imposing entrance.

It was quiet inside, with that subdued peace of the intellectual, or the other lover of art, the common man. Through a reflection in a glass show case, Shifty saw his nemesis enter. Casually, then, Shifty busied himself in studying a Rembrandt, which a guide was explaining to a group of visitors.

"And now," the guide said, "we'll pass on to this next picture which, although not a Rembrandt, is an excellent example of art. This picture, ladies and gentlemen, was painted by Paul Tolán who, from the window of his Washington Square apartment, has caught the spirit of the famous open air art show." The guide waved a pointer. "Just look at the detail in these faces, showing the crowds jostling about. Here, look at this face—"

* * *

Shifty's face went white as his eyes, uninquisitively, followed the pointer. Alongside him, he heard O'Doul's quiet voice, felt his iron fingers nip his arm.

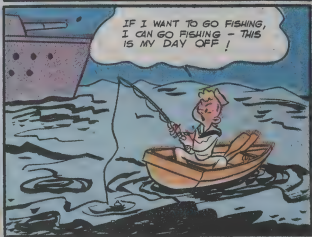
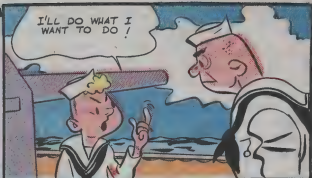
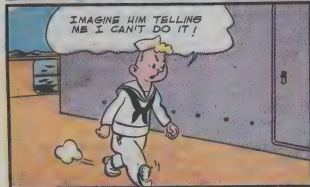
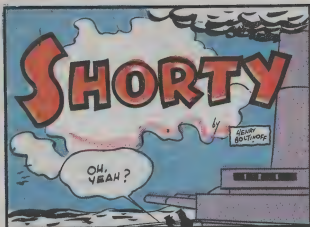
"Come along, Shifty," O'Doul said quietly. "I guess that just about nips your alibi. I had an idea you had a hand in the Commissioner's pocket—and your being below the deadline cinches it!"

He had almost to drag Shifty from the picture for the pickpocket was staring, stunned, at the amazing resemblance the artist, sitting in the window of his apartment that day—across the street from the exhibit—had caught.

* * *

Right in the foreground of the crowd he had placed the unmistakable features of Shifty, the cleverest pickpocket in New York.

the end



LIKE ACTION? HERE'S PLENTY OF IT!

THIS SWELL MAGAZINE HAS **GREEN ARROW**, **JOHNNY QUICK**, **SPECTRE**, **AQUAMAN**, **DR. FATE**! A TERRIFIC LINE-UP OF ALL TOP FEATURES!

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Dr.S.

JOIN THE C.B.C.!

(Civilian Bomb Corps)

BUY

United States War Savings Bonds & Stamps

FINGERPRINT CHART

So you better come across or else

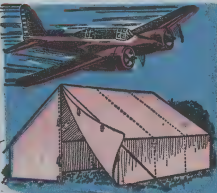
BIG PRIZES and CASH! PROFITS!

Listen, fellows, to the swellest offer that ever tickled your eardrums. You can earn any of 200 dandy prizes, including G-Man set, microscope, model planes, and camping supplies. Besides, you can make cool, hard CASH. It's easy. Just deliver fast-selling Collier's magazine to regular customers you obtain in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first hour or two. To start at once, clip this offer today and mail it to Jim Thayer, Dept. 957, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



AIR WAVE

By Harris

THERE IS AN OFFICE
HIGH UP IN DOWNTOWN
BOTHAM THAT PRODUCES
COMIC BOOKS. LIFE WAS
PEACEFUL IN THAT
OFFICE UNTIL FATE
CAME ALONG WITH A
RECIPE FOR ADVENTURE.
FATE TOOK...
3 TEMPERAMENTAL ARTISTS
1 EDITOR
3 RUNAWAY TYPE-
WRITER

MIXED WELL...
ADDED
AIR WAVE...
AND ASKED:
WHO RUBBED OUT THE
EDITOR?

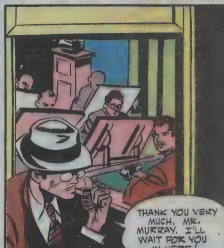
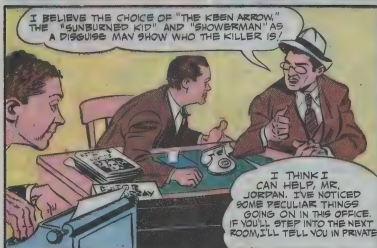
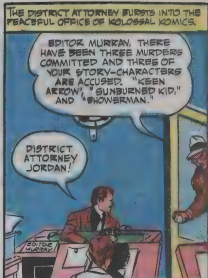
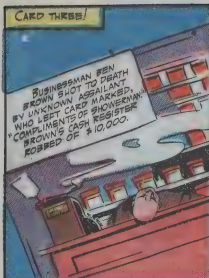
THIS STORY BEGINS
WITH THREE SIGNI-
FICANT CARDS FROM
THE FILES OF
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
JORDAN.
CARD ONE!

BROKER JOHN
SMITH MURDERED
WITH AN ARROW BY
UNKNOWN ASSAILANT
WHO LEFT CARD
OF THE OPEN ARROW
"SMITH'S OFFICE
RIPLED OFF \$100,000
WORTH OF BONDS."

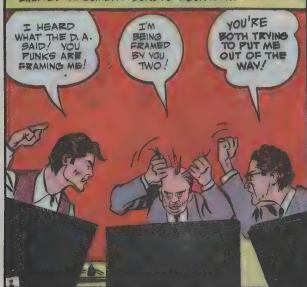
CARD TWO.

BANKER RICHARD ROE
MURDERED WITH BIGGER
BY UNKNOWN ASSAILANT
WHO LEFT CARD MARKED,
"COMPLIMENTS OF THE
ROE'S SAFE
ROBBED OF
\$20,000
IN CASH!"

CARD THREE!



BEFORE EDITOR MURRAY CAN JOIN JORDAN, AN EXCITED ARGUMENT BURSTS FOURTH...



AND AS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY RUSHES INTO THE ROOM...

I-IT'S... MODER!

AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE IN ANSWER TO JORDAN'S CALL...

MURRAY WAS STABBED TO DEATH AND ONE OF THE MEN IN THIS ROOM IS THE KILLER I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

ELSON, YOU DRAW "THE KEEN ARKON!" BLAKE DRAWS "THE SUN-BURNED KID", ANGLO DRAWS "SHOWERNMAN" ANYONE OF YOU COULD BE USING ALL THREE CARTOONS TO CONCEAL YOUR CRIMES!

DUKE, YOU WERE MURRAY'S SECRETARY, AND THE ONLY OTHER PERSON IN THIS ROOM WHEN HE WAS MURDERED!

I COULDN'T HAVE STABBED HIM! MR. JORDAN, I WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM HERE TYPING!

CAPTAIN, I CAME HERE LOOKING FOR A CLUE. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D STUMBLE ON THE KILLER HIMSELF!

BUT WHO IS IT, MR. JORDAN?

IN APPARENT HELPLESSNESS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY JORDAN GIVES UP!

I DON'T KNOW...YET! LET ALL THE SUSPECTS GO, TEMPORARILY. WE'LL GIVE OUR MAN ENOUGH ROPE TO HANG HIMSELF!

THAT EVENING... AIR WAVE ENTERS THE CASE!

COME ON, STATIC. WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO THE KOLOSSAL COMICS OFFICE. PERHAPS MURRAY LEFT SOME NOTES ON THAT CLUE OF HIS!

AWWRK!

I'VE DONE ALL I COULD AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY. NOW IT'S TIME TO HAND THE CASE OVER TO... AIR WAVE!

HEY AL, HOW'DYA SPELL BIZARRE?

EDITOR
JORDAN CAN
WALK TALK!

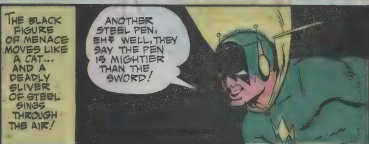
CLIMBING SWIFTLY ON MAGNETIC PLATES, AIR WAVE REACHES THE OFFICE WINDOW OF KOLOSSAL KOMICS—

SHH! STATIC! SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING GOING ON IN THERE!



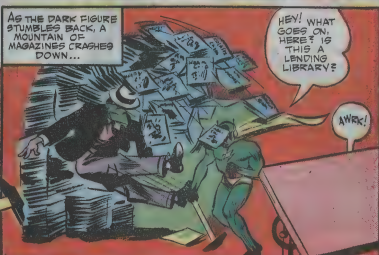
THE BLACK FIGURE OF MENACE MOVES LIKE A CAT... AND A DEADLY SLIVER OF STEEL SINGS THROUGH THE AIR!

ANOTHER STEEL PEN, EH? WELL, THEY SAY THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD!

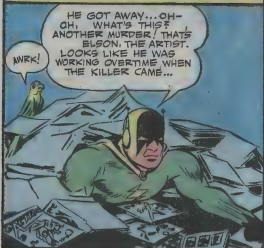


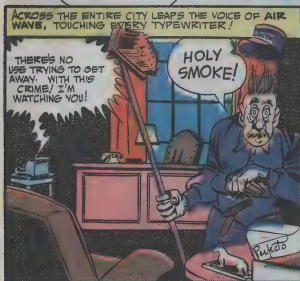
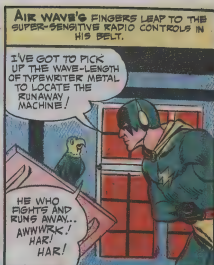
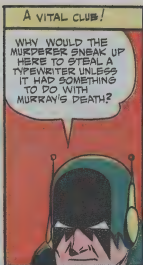
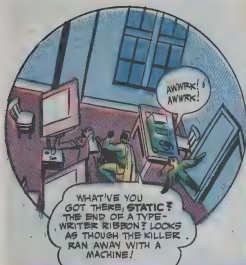
AS THE DARK FIGURE STUMBLES BACK, A MOUNTAIN OF MAGAZINES CRASHES DOWN...

HEY! WHAT GOES ON, HERE? IS THIS A LENDING LIBRARY?



AND WHEN AIR WAVE AT LAST EMERGES...





THE KEEN BARS OF AIR WAVE PICK UP THE VOICE OF THE KILLER!

SOUNDED LIKE ELSON! I'M BEING HAUNTED!

THAT'S THE KILLER! I'VE FRIGHTENED HIM INTO SPEAKING... HE'S AT MARKET AND FRONT STREET! LET'S GO, STATIC!

SPEEDING ALONG THE STREET, AIR WAVE FAILS TO NOTICE HE IS BLOCKING TRAFFIC.

AWWRK!

WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST TO PICK THE KILLER UP, STATIC!

GET OUT THE WAY, YA HUMAN TROLLEY!

NOTE:

AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON, AIR WAVE'S SENSITIVE RADIO AERIAL GATHERS IN THE VAST ELECTRIC ENERGY OF ALL THE EARTH!

WOW! LOOKIT THAT GUY GO... HE MUST BE DOIN' 500 MILES AN HOUR!

... AND PURE POWER POURS INTO THE STURDY WHEELS OF HIS ELECTRICAL SKATES.

STILL TUNED TO THE RUNAWAY TYPEWRITER, AIR WAVE CLOSES IN ON HIS PREY!

THERE HE GOES! STATIC! TIME FOR US TO GO INTO OUR DIVE-BOMBING ACT!

AWWRK! A BOMB IN THE SAVED NINE! HAR!

AIR WAVE! YOU AGAIN?

MIND IF I DROP DOWN FOR THAT TALK?

LIKE A DARK FURY, THE KILLER WHIRLS...

HERE'S WHERE I TYPEWRITE YOUR OBITUARY, AIR WAVE!

HEY! GIMME BACK MY BANANA, YOU FOOL BIRD!

NICE WORK, STATIC!

HEY

AS A BARRAGE OF SHOTS SPITS OUT...

I SHOULD HAVE SHOT YOU AT THE OFFICE, YOU MEDDLING FOOL!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE, BROTHER...AND WITH AIR WAVE YOU ONLY GET ONE!

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY CLEAN-UP!

PLOP

OWW!
SPUT!
SPUT!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME IN THIS CROWD, AIR WAVE!

BROTHER, CONSIDER YOURSELF GOT!

WHIZZING ON WOODEN WHEELS, THE PUSH CART SPEEDS AFTER THE RUN-AWAY!

HERE YOU ARE, SIR! PAYMENT IN FULL FOR ALL DAMAGES!

CRASH

GEE, T'ANKS, AIR WAVE!

WELL, WELL, DUKE THE KILLER! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU! YOU KILLED MURRAY BEFORE HE COULD TELL THE D.A. THAT HE WAS SUSPICIOUS OF YOUR ACTIONS!

YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING, AIR WAVE!

I CAN PROVE EVERYTHING! YOU HAD TO STEAL YOUR TYPEWRITER BEFORE THE POLICE COULD EXAMINE IT. IT HAD A SPRING ATTACHED SO THAT A STEEL DART WAS SHOT WHEN YOU PRESSED CERTAIN KEYS. THAT'S HOW YOU MURDERED MURRAY!

AND AIR WAVE TURNS THE KILLER OVER TO THE POLICE...

HERE'S THE COMIC CHARACTER KILLER, GENTLEMEN!

AIR WAVE, GEE!

BOY, THE D.A.'S SURE LUCKY TO HAVE THAT GUY WORKING FOR HIM. HE COULDN'T HAVE CRACKED THIS CASE ALONE!

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

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ROLF, AN ELKHOUND OF NORWAY.

By **Margaret S. Johnson**
and **Helen Lossing Johnson**

From his Arctic birthplace in Norway to a fashionable dog show in New Jersey was a far journey for a dog and led him through many strange adventures.

From birth, Rolf had been trained by his master, Turi, a Laplander, to help in the herding of the reindeer. And so, when Turi was called on by the Canadian government to bring a great reindeer herd safely from Alaska to Canada, he took along this strong, well-trained elkhound.

Thus began Rolf's long travel by train and ship. Shot at and captured by a thieving and brutal trapper, Rolf watched for his first opportunity to escape, even though this meant wandering hungry and alone in the snowy, strange forest.

How he found a friendly new master and helped the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to track down and capture the trapper is an interesting story. Fine animal pictures and large clear print make this an attractive and easy book to read.

Ask your librarian for this and other fine dog stories by these same authors.



SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

WXF RB CQN CRVN OXA NENAH KXH CX
LXVN CX CQN JRM XO QRB LXDWAH KH
KDHWP BCJYVB JWM KXWMB!



STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



War With Stamps

THE boundaries of Honduras and Nicaragua have never been exactly defined and many disputes have taken place regarding sovereignty of the border territory. During a boundary dispute in 1904, the United States intervened and both Nicaragua and Honduras agreed to submit the dispute to the King of Spain for a solution. After a long period of years, the King of Spain finally rendered his decision in 1918. Both countries found the decision unsatisfactory and rushed their troops to the disputed border. Again, the United States intervened and this time the controversy was

territory as well as the same bit of disputed land which Honduras included on its map stamp.

Claiming that the Nicaraguan map stamps were an affront to its sovereignty, Honduras demanded that Nicaragua withdraw these stamps from sale. Nicaragua who also had a claim on the disputed territory refused to withdraw the stamps. There fol-



Honduras Map Airmail Issue

put in its hands to render a solution suitable to both Honduras and Nicaragua.

In 1935, Honduras issued a 15-centavos air mail stamp with a map design which outlined the territory of Honduras, as well as the disputed land claimed by both countries.

Not to be outdone, Nicaragua in 1937, issued a set of seven air mail stamps also of map design and these outlined Nicaragua's



Nicaragua Map Airmail Issue

lowed a series of threats of armed conflict and the calling out of troops, but the issue was arbitrated and by mutual consent both countries agreed to withdraw their map stamps showing the disputed territory. The withdrawal of the map stamps was a sign of neighborly goodwill and a desire of both countries to settle the border dispute without resorting to the use of arms. Thus ended a postage stamp war with both countries coming out on top for they settled an argument without the use of arms and at the same time obtained a revenue from the sale of these stamps to collectors.

EARN CASH! . . . EARN STAMPS!
Boys and girls, sell my approvals, "nickel packets" and supplies in your school, club, and neighborhood, or to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits to you. Wholesale and Bargain Lists sent. Mortimer B. Elias, 55 Reade St., New York City

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Complete set to approval applicants only
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The BOY COMMANDOS

IN

**"FURY RIDES
A TAXICAB!"**

ORDER OF THE DAY

COMMANDO COMPANY
TWO WILL ASSEMBLE
AT DOCKS TO SHOVE
OFF IN PURSUIT OF
THAT HACKIE IN
KHAKI WHO STOLE A
BOAT FOR A ONE-MAN
RAID ON THE NAZIS...

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

WE
DON'T KNOW WHERE
HE IS TODAY...
THIS TAXI COWBOY
FROM BROOKLYN...
RIP CARTER AND
THE BOYS LAST
SAW HIM ON A
ONE-MAN INVASION
IN OCCUPIED
EUROPE...RIDING
HERD ON THE
GESTAPO IN A
SEVENTY-TON TANK!
YOU SEE, HACK
HOGAN HAS A
FARE TO PICK
UP AT
BERCHTESGARDEN
...FOR A ONE
WAY RIDE TO
HADES!

by
**JOE
SIMON
and
JACK
KIRBY**



IT WAS A PROUD DAY FOR THE BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN WHEN LITTLE ALOYSIUS ARRIVED AT THE HOGAN HOUSEHOLD. HE MADE HIS ENTRANCE INTO THIS WORLD IN THE SAME BOISTEROUS MANNER WHICH HE IS KNOWN FOR TODAY!



TELL ME DOC, IS IT A-A...

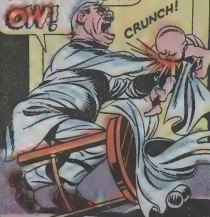
FRANKLY, HOGAN-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS!

BUT ALOYSIUS WAS BORN WITH A 'FULL SET OF TEETH...AND LOST NO TIME IN LEARNING TO USE THEM!

DRAT IT! IT'S BEEN BORN WITH TEETH!

OW!

CRUNCH!



AS A CHILD, ALOYSIUS DID NOT DREAD THE FIRE...ONCE HE WAS BURNT...OH, NO!!

YOU OLD THTOVE! YOU'VE BOIN ME, WILL YA? I'LL TEACH YA A LESSON!

YOU'RE TAKIN' IT OUT ON THE CORN-ED BEEF AND CABBAGE!



AS HE GREW, ALOYSIUS, ALWAYS A SENSITIVE BOY, MADE LASTING IMPRESSIONS ON HIS SCHOOL-MATES...



YOU HAD ENOUGH?

YEAH... YEAH!! I QUIT!!

...ESPECIALLY BUTCH...THE SCHOOL BULLY!



I'LL DO YER HOMEWOIK FER YA, ALOYSIUS!

NAW, I DO ME OWN HOMEWOIK! I'M DIFFERENT, SEE? THAT'S WHAT I BEEN TRYIN' TA SHOW YA MUGS!

ALOYSIUS HOGAN AT SIXTEEN SPENT HIS TIME ABSORBING THE KNOWLEDGE, AND ACQUIRING POISE AND POLISH OF THE MANY CULTURAL INSTITUTIONS IN HIS NEIGHBORHOOD!



DE EIGHT BALL IN DE CORNER POCKET, SMILEY!

WILD WEST STORIES HAD ALWAYS BEEN HOGAN'S PASSION...SO HE BECAME A COWBOY...RIDING THE RANGE ON PITKIN AVENUE, BROOKLYN! IT WAS THEN THE BOYS DUBBED HIM "HACK" HOGAN!



LET ME OUTA HERE!

PIPE DOWN! YOU SAID YOU WAS IN A HURRY...SO I'M DRIVIN' IN A HURRY!

FOR RELAXATION, HACK HOGAN FINDS A GIANT-DOGDGER DOUBLE-HEADER A PLEASANT AND PEACEFUL AFTERNOON DIVERSION!

COME ON, DOGDERS!

C'MON, YOU JYINTZ!

LET'S GO, DOGDERS!

HOORAY FOR DE BUMS!

BLEAG

WHATSA BIG IDEA SITTIN' IN DE BROOKLYN CHEERIN' SECTION AN' YELLIN' FER DEM GIANTS? WHERE'S YER SELF RESPECT?

HIT DE ROAD, BUD! EVERYBODY ROOTS FOR TH' DOGDERS... SOMEBODY'S GOT TO BE A GIANT FAN! THAT'S ME!

DIFFERENT... HACK IS ALWAYS DIFFERENT!

KILL TH' UMPIRE! KILL TH'... AWK!!

CUT THAT STUFF OUT, PAL! IT AIN'T NICE TA THROW T'INGS AT DEM GUYS!

YOU HOID ME, PAL! TAKE THEM HOT DAWGS DOWN TO THE UMP WITH HACK HOGAN'S COMPLIMENTS FOR THEIR FOIST RATE WOIK!

YA CAN'T ASK ME TA DO DAT! THEY'LL CALL METH' QUISLING OF FLATBUSH!

HEY, HACK! HACK! I BEEN LOOKIN' EVERYWHERE FOR YA! LOOK... I GOT GOOD NEWS!

WHAT'S COOKIN', KID?

AND HACK IS STILL DIFFERENT!

OH!

WHATSA MATTER WIT' DAT GUY? HE GETS GOOD NEWS AND HE FAINTS!

LET'S SEE DAT HUNK O' PAPER!

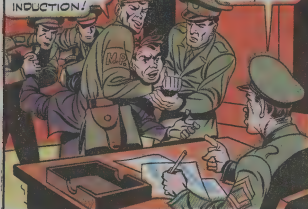
HOLY MACKERAL! HACK HOGAN'S BEEN DRAFTED!!

ARE THE 4-F'S USED UP ALREADY?

HACK HOGAN IS INDUCTED WITH THE POMP AND CERENONY DUE SUCH A VITAL PERSONALITY---

THIS IS ALOYSIUS HOGAN, SIR! HE'S REPORTIN' FER INDUCTION!

A CLOWN, EH? THE ARMY WILL CURE YOU, BUD!



AS A MAN AMONG MEN HE IS OUTSTANDING...
LIKE A SORE THUMB!!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, SERGEANT-- WHY ISN'T THAT MAN IN STEP?

IT'S PRIVATE HOGAN, SIR! I CAN'T DO NOTHIN' WITH HIM! HE DRIVES ME CRAZY!



NOW, MEN...TODAY WE BEGIN BAYONET DRILL! THIS DUMMY IS A NAZI, SEE? NOW I'LL SHOW YA HOW TO TREAT 'EM IN A FIGHT!



NAZIS! HOW I HATE DOSE DOITY RATS!

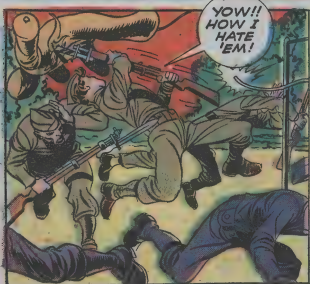


CAN IT BE THAT HACK HOGAN HAS FOUND HIMSELF?

HEY, SARGE... GET A LOAD OF THIS!



YOW!! HOW I HATE 'EM!



IF YOU GUYS WOULDNA TOLD ME THE ARMY WAS LIKE DIS I WOULDN' MAKE NO COMPLAINTS!

RUN FOR YER LIVES! HE'S BESOK!



AND AS THE ONE-MAN ARMY CHASES A REGIMENT OVER THE LANDSCAPE ---

50-00... WEEKS LATER, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND... THE BROOKLYN BOMBER FINDS A NEW COUNTRY!

WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT PRIVATE HOGAN, SIR... HE'S DEMORALIZIN' THE ARMY!

HE WON'T WORRY US MUCH LONGER! HIS OUTFIT IS DUE TO GO OVERSEAS SOON! HE'LL BE THE NAZI'S PROBLEM THEN!

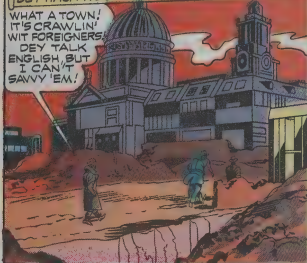
SO DIS IS WHAT'S ON DE OTHER SIDE ACROSS FROM CONEY ISLAND! I WONDER WHAT DIS BOIG IS LIKE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT! WE GET A COUPLE DAYS LEAVE AFTER WE LAND!



BUT HOGAN FEELS STRANGE IN LONDON!

WHAT A TOWN! IT'S CRAWLIN' WIT FOREIGNERS! DEY TALK ENGLISH, BUT I CAN'T SAVVY 'EM!



AND AS A TYPICAL BRITISH PEA SOUP FOG SETTLES OVER THE CITY...

DIS FOG GIZ ME DE WIM-WAMS! I'D GIVE A WEEK'S SUPPLY O' CIGARETTES TA SEE EVEN DE BRONX!



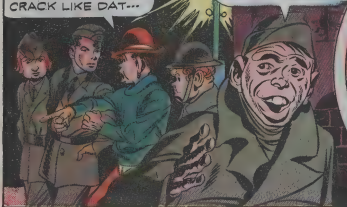
BUT, SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE FOG...

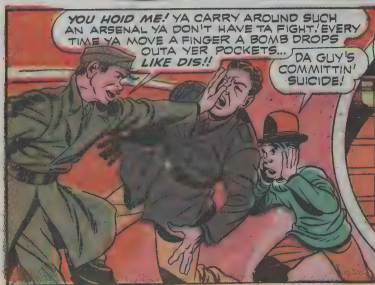
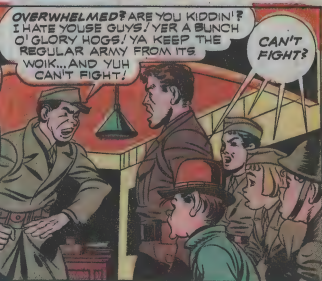
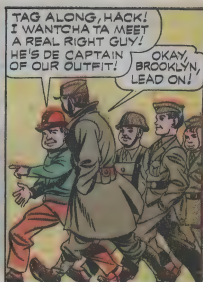
SO I SAYS TO DIS MUG... TAKE A POWDER, STUPID! SCRAM! I'LL MOIDER YA IF I HEAR ONE MORE CRACK LIKE DAT...

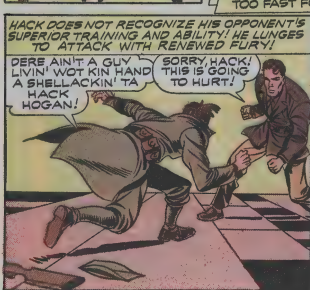
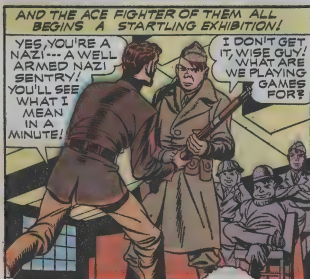
THEM BEAUTIFUL BROOKLYN VOIDS! I'M HEARIN' T'INGS... I'M OFF ME KONK!

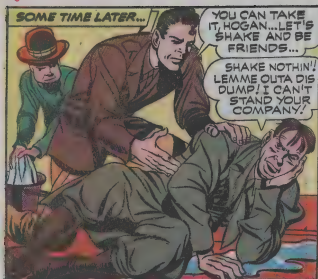
I'M NOT OFF ME NOGGIN! HE'S REAL! A LIVE KID FROM ME OWN ALLEY! SAYS SOMETHIN' ELSE! GO AHEAD! LEMME HEAR SOME MORE!

WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES IS GOIN' ON? HEY... LEGGO O' ME!!





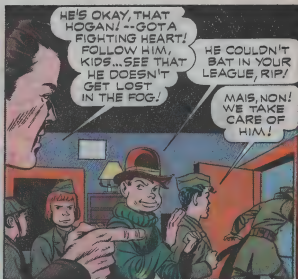




SOME TIME LATER...

YOU CAN TAKE IT, HOGAN... LET'S SHAKE AND BE FRIENDS...

SHAKE NOTHIN'! LEMME OUTA DIS DUMP! I CAN'T STAND YOUR COMPANY!



HE'S OKAY, THAT HOGAN! --GOT A FIGHTING HEART! FOLLOW HIM, KIDS... SEE THAT HE DOESN'T GET LOST IN THE FOG!

HE COULDN'T BAT IN YOUR LEAGUE, RIP!

MAIS, NON! WE TAKE CARE OF HIM!



HOGAN--NN! HACK HOGAN!!

TH' MUGG JUST UPS AND VANISHES! I GUESS WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!

HE'S GONE!

BUT HACK HOGAN BOUNCES BACK TO BARRACKS, FOR A GOOD CABBIE NEVER GETS LOST... EVEN IN ENGLISH FOG!

HEY, WESTON! DO THEM COMMANDOS DO ANY KIND OF FIGHTIN'? DO WE NEED 'EM?

BABY, I'LL SAY WE DO! WE CAN'T OPEN A FRONT IF THEY DON'T BREAK TRAIL FOR US! THE ARMY NEED THEM LIKE HAM NEEDS EGGS!

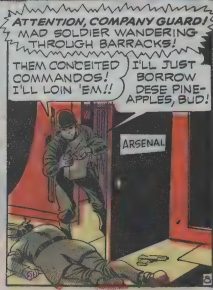


YEAH? WELL, I'LL SHOW 'EM! HACK HOGAN ALWAYS SITS IN TH' DRIVER'S SEAT!



HEY, SOLDIER! WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?

I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE! I'LL SHOW DEM COMMANDOS WHERE THEY HEAD IN!



ATTENTION, COMPANY GUARD! MAD SOLDIER WANDERING THROUGH BARRACKS!

THEM CONCEITED COMMANDOS! I'LL LOIN 'EM!!

I'LL JUST BORROW DESE PINE-APPLES, BUD!

ARSENAL

ATTENTION, MILITARY POLICE!
MURDEROUS SOLDIER ON THE
LOOSE! HE IS ARMED!

ATTENTION, SCOTLAND YARD!
MYSTERIOUS SABOTEUR OPER-
ATING AT LONDON DOCKS!

ATTENTION, COMMANDOS!
SOLDIER DESERTING TO THE
ENEMY! MAY HAVE VALUABLE
MILITARY SECRETS! STOP
AT ALL COSTS!

OUTA MY WAY,
PANTY-WAIST...
I GOT A
MISSION!

SCRAM, LIMEYS! HOGAN'S
COMMANDEERING DIS
SEA-HACK!

**HOLY
HAMBURGERS!**
YOU GUYS
HEAR DAT?

CAPTAIN CARTER
SPEAKING! ALL
COMMANDOS ON
DECK FOR ACTION
IN SEVEN MINUTES!
I WANT COAST
GUARD CUTTERS
FOR US AT
"B" DOCK!

AN'I WAS AFRAID
MY VIOLIN-CASE
WAS GETTIN'
DUSTY!

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED,
BOYS! WHOEVER IT WAS
COULDN'T HAVE MUCH OF
A START ON US! WE'RE
BOUND TO GET HIM
BEFORE HE HITS THE
FRENCH COAST!

**AFTER HOURS OF FRUITLESS CRUISING AND
WATCHING THROUGH THE HEAVY MISTS...**

MESSIEURS!
OBSERVE!!!....
ZAT LIGHT...SHE
COMES FROM
HARVAIS!

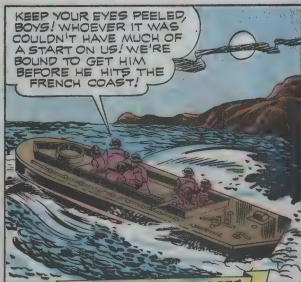
HEAD HER OVER THAT
WAY-- THE LIGHT MAY
BE A SIGNAL TO
GUIDE THE SPY!

HARVAIS!
DAT'S A
NAZI
STRONG-
HOLD!

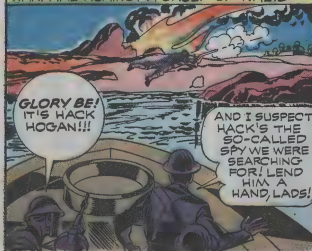
**BUT AS THE BOAT CLOSES
IN TOWARD SHORE---**

SIGNAL
NOTHIN'!...
DAT'S A
FIRE!

THERE'S FIGHTING GOING
ON THERE! MAYBE FRENCH
SABOTEURS! IN TO SHORE,
BOYS... WE'VE GOT TO
HELP THEM!



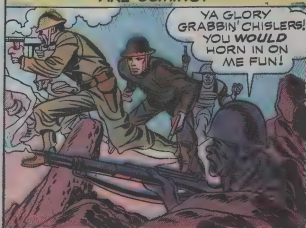
ON SHORE, A LONE FIGURE WAGES RECKLESS WARFARE AGAINST A GROUP OF NAZIS...



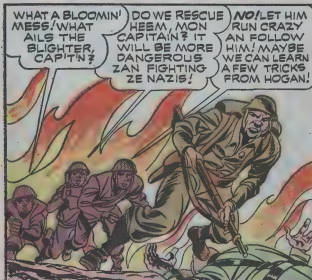
GLORY BE!
IT'S HACK
HOGAN!!!

AND I SUSPECT
HACK'S THE
SO-CALLED
SPY WE WERE
SEARCHING
FOR! LEND
HIM A
HAND, LADS!

WHEN SUDDENLY THE MEN OF GERMANY
FREEZE IN TERROR AS A DREAD CRY RINGS
THROUGH THE NIGHT-- THE COMMANDOS
ARE COMING!



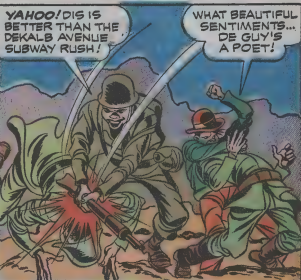
YA GLORY
GRABBIN' CHISLERS!
YOU WOULD
HORN IN ON
ME FUN!



WHAT A BLOOMIN'
MESS! WHAT
AILS THE
BLIGHTER,
CAP'TN?

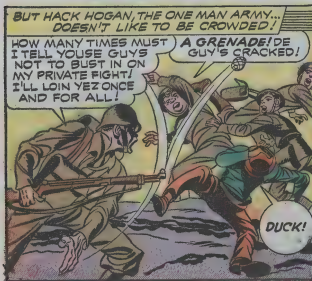
DO WE RESCUE
HEEM, MON
CAPTAIN? IT
WILL BE MORE
DANGEROUS
ZAN FIGHTING
ZE NAZIS!

NO! LET HIM
RUN CRAZY
AN FOLLOW
HIM! MAYBE
WE CAN LEARN
A FEW TRICKS
FROM HOGAN!



YAHOO! DIS IS
BETTER THAN THE
DEKALB AVENUE
SUBWAY RUSH!

WHAT BEAUTIFUL
SENTIMENTS...
DE GUY'S
A POET!

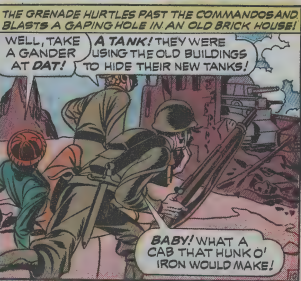


BUT HACK HOGAN, THE ONE MAN ARMY...
DOESN'T LIKE TO BE CROWDED!

HOW MANY TIMES MUST
I TELL YOUSE GUYS
NOT TO BUST IN ON
MY PRIVATE FIGHT!
I'LL LOIN YEZONCE
AND FOR ALL!

A GRENADE! DE
GUY'S CRACKED!

DUCK!



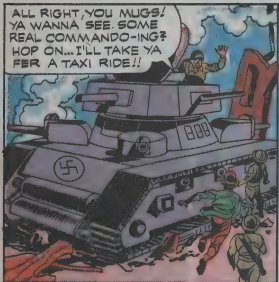
THE GRENADE HURTTLES PAST THE COMMANDOS AND
BLASTS A GAPING HOLE IN AN OLD BRICK HOUSE!

WELL, TAKE
A GANDER
AT DAT!

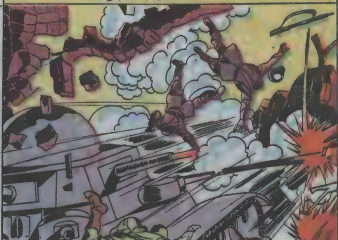
A TANK! THEY WERE
USING THE OLD BUILDINGS
TO HIDE THEIR NEW TANKS!

BABY! WHAT A
CAB THAT HUNK O'
IRON WOULD MAKE!

ALL RIGHT, YOU MUGS!
YA WANNA SEE SOME
REAL COMMANDO-ING?
HOP ON... I'LL TAKE YA
FER A TAXI RIDE!!



WITH A CLANKING ROAR, THE HUGE SEVENTY-TON
TANK RUMBLES INTO ACTION... THEN CAREENS
MADLY THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE NAZI
STRONGHOLD!



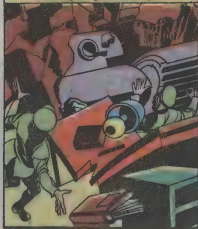
TEUFEL!
WAS ISTS?



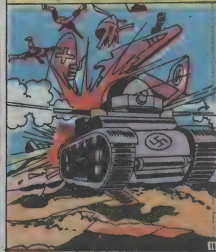
OBSERVE! ZE HEAD-
QUARTERS OF THE
ARMY OF
OCCUPATION! HEY,
HACK! HEAD
OF DAT
BUILDING...
IT NEEDS A FAST
GOIN' OVER!



STONE...WOOD...PLASTER FLY
AS THE TANK HURLS ITS
FEARFUL WEIGHT INTO THE
FLIMSY BUILDING!



TO THE SECRET NAZI AIRFIELD,
THE TANK HURTLES...



AND IN A BRIEF HALF HOUR, THE CITY IS IN SHAMBLES...

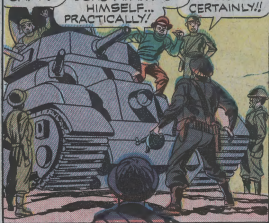


AS THE COMMANDO RECALL SOUNDS...

HERE WE ARE, CAP'N!

RIP! HOGAN'S WENT AND TORN THIS BURG APART BY HIMSELF... PRACTICALLY!!

PRACTICALLY? NON-- CERTAINLY!!



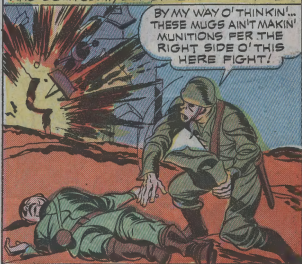
YOU'RE OKAY, HOGAN! AFTER WE GET YOU STRAIGHTENED OUT, I HOPE YOU'LL JOIN UP WITH US!



NO, THANKS, PAL! I'M STICKIN' AROUND HERE WHERE THERE'S PLENTY ACTION! I GOT TEN MILLION RATS HERE WHO DON'T AGREE WITH ME!



AND SO...TODAY, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE...



BY MY WAY O' THINKIN'... THESE MUGS AIN'T MAKIN' MUNITIONS FER THE RIGHT SIDE O' THIS HERE FIGHT!

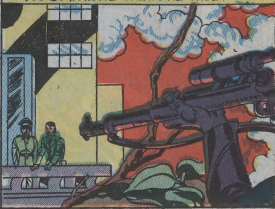
...OR IN HOLLAND...

ACH! DER MYSTERY MAN AGAIN!

UGH!



...OR IN THE FORESTS, POINTING TOWARD BERCHTESGARDEN, ADOLF HITLER'S INFAMOUS RETREAT...A MAN WITH A PURPOSE STALKS THE GREATEST GAME OF ALL HISTORY... WILL HE SUCCEED? IF WE KNOW HACK HOGAN...WE THINK HE WILL!



THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE GRATEFUL FOR ALL THE WONDERFUL LETTERS YOU WROTE TO THEM...

Many THANKS!

WATCH FOR THE BOY COMMANDOS IN THE NEXT ISSUE...UNTIL THEN...

STAND BY FOR ACTION!!

Be a RADIO Technician



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Established 27 years
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, for installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Loudspeaker System building, installing, servicing and operating is another growing field for N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.



I Trained These Men

\$10 a Week in Spare Time

"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time."
JOHN JERRY, 1729 Penn St., Denver Colorado.

Had Own Business 6 Months After Enrolling

"I went into business for myself 6 months after enrolling. In my Radio repair shop I do about \$300 worth of business a month. I can't tell you how valuable your Course has been to me."

—A. J. BATEN, Box 1168, Gladewater, Texas.

Sergeant in Signal Corps

"I am now a Sergeant in the U. S. Army, Signal Corps. My duties cover Radio operating, maintenance of Army Transmitters and Receivers, operating Telephones, handling duties of the Chief Operator in his absence."
SERGEANT RICHARD W. ANDERSON, U. S. Army. (Address omitted for military reasons.)



Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

Here is a quick way to more pay. Radio offers a way to make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time a few months from now, plus the opportunity for a permanent job in the growing Radio Industry. There is an increasing demand for full time Radio Technicians and Radio Operators. Many make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Clip the Coupon below and mail it. Find out how I train you at home for these opportunities.

Jobs Like These Go To Men Who Know Radio

The 882 broadcasting stations in the U. S. employ Radio Technicians and Operators with average pay among the country's best paid industries. The Radio repair business is booming now because manufacturers have stopped making new home and auto Radios and the country's 57,400,000 sets are getting older, requiring more repairs, new tubes, parts. Many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians take advantage of the opportunities to have their own full time or spare time Radio service businesses: The Government needs many Civilian Radio Operators, Technicians. Radio factories employ thousands of trained technicians as they rush to fill millions of dollars worth of Government orders. Think of the many good jobs in connection with Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Public Address Systems. N.R.I. gives you the required knowledge for these jobs. N.R.I. trains you to be ready when Television opens jobs in the future. Yes, N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians make good money because they use their heads as well as their hands. They are THOROUGHLY TRAINED. Many N.R.I. trained men hold their regular jobs, and make extra money fixing Radio sets in spare time.

Beginners Soon Learn to Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

Nearly every neighborhood offers opportunities for a good part time Radio Technician to make extra money fixing Radio sets. I give you special training to show you how to start cashing in on these opportunities early. You get Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment, for conducting

experiments which give you valuable practical experience. My 50-50 method—half working with Radio parts, half studying my lesson texts—makes learning Radio at home interesting, fascinating, profitable.



Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too



Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty at pay up to several times a private's base pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN FOR RADIO NOW!

Find Out How N.R.I. Teaches Radio and Television

Act today. Mail coupon now for 64-page Book. It's FREE. It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my Course in Radio and Television; shows more than 100 letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Find out what Radio offers you. Mail coupon in envelope or paste on penny postcard—NOW.

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute

Dept. 2MB9
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HUNDREDS OF
MEN MAKE
MORE
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National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

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